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THE
NOVELIST:
OR,
A CHOICE SELECTION
OF
THE BEST NOVELS.

BY
J. H. EMMERT.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON
AND
TOM JONES.

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1792.



THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON,
ABRIDGED
FROM THE WORKS
OF
SAMUEL RICHARDSON, *Esq.*

THE

HISTORY

OF

THE UNITED STATES

FROM 1776 TO 1876

BY JAMES M. SMITH

THE
HISTORY
OF
SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

CHAP. I.

*A concise Account of Sir Thomas Grandison
and his Lady, and the Education they gave
their Son. The Death of that Lady.*

SIR CHARLES, the subject of this History, was the only son of Sir Thomas Grandison, a person fond of magnificence and splendor, who valued himself on his breed of race-horses and hunters, and on his kennel, in which he was extremely extravagant. He inherited from his father an estate in England, which

brought in 6000 l. a year, and another in Ireland, worth about 2000 l. per annum, besides a very considerable fortune in money. His lady, who was of a noble family, also brought him a great fortune. She was a most excellent woman, to whom he was a complaisant, but careless husband. Soon after his marriage, giving way to his predominant inclination for pleasure, he intirely left the care of the family to her, who chearfully applied herself to the domestic duties, and finding that she could not prevail on Sir Thomas to reduce his expences, she thought it prudent to use her utmost endeavours to enable him to support them, without discredit to himself, or any visible injury to his family. Yet this lady while she used the best œconomy, was free from all narrow, mean, and selfish views: She was beloved for her benevolence and generosity, and idolized by her poor neighbours. She had a plentiful table, and was extremely hospitable, both from her natural goodness, and to give credit to her husband. By this excellent lady, Sir Thomas had a son and two daughters, who received from her the best part of their education, she
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instilling into their young minds the first principles of christianity, and strong ideas of moral rectitude.

Sir Thomas considering his daughters as an incumbrance, grew extremely fond of his son, and placing all his affections on him, was desirous of his becoming master of every accomplishment; he early filled his mind with high notions of honour, and before he had reached his thirteenth year, provided him a master to instruct him in the science of defence; hence the amiable youth, soon acquired such skill in the weapons, as gave the greatest satisfaction both to his father and master. He had remarkable strength of body, with great agility, and this exercise added to both, while the praises he received from his father and master, so inflamed his courage, that he was almost tempted to wish for a subject to exercise it upon. His excellent mother, however, trembled for the effects of their praises, which she dreaded might render him too liable to take offence, and to resent it with the sword, to the danger of his own life, or of his future peace of mind; and was continually discoursing to him on the virtues of

true magnanimity, the law of kindness, benevolence, and forgiveness of injuries; frequently reminding him, that what he was then learning was called the science of defence, and not of offence.

Mr. Grandison had the misfortune to lose this best of mothers while young; but it was by a circumstance that deeply impressed all her lessons on his heart. His father was brought home, as it was thought, mortally wounded in a duel, when this good lady's surprize threw her into fits, from which she was never after free, and the danger in which Sir Thomas continued for a considerable time, with her extraordinary solicitude and care in attending him night and day, broke her constitution, and brought her into an ill state of health, that soon proved fatal. A few hours before this excellent lady expired, after having, on general principles, warmly recommended to her children, duty to their father, and brotherly and sisterly love, as necessary to their happiness, she had a private discourse with her son on the same subject, in which, she with great affection, recommended his sisters to him, they entering at this

this instant, found him in tears, when the amiable youth, taking each of their hands, kneeled down, and put them into his mother's held-out dying hand; then bowing his face upon all three, he cried, all madam—all my dearest, best of mamma's that you have enjoined—He was unable to proceed; but their arms were bedewed with his tears. Enough, enough my son, I distress you! she returned, and kissing her own arm, added, these, my dear, are precious tears,—you embalm me with your tears,—O how precious the balm! Then lifting up her head, she kissed him, and repeated her blessings.

Upon her death the engaging youth became inconsolable. He loved his father, but had been more particularly fond of his mother. Sir Thomas, though he had given but little attention to his education in general, was extremely fond of him, and had taken the less care on this head, as he was well convinced that his neglect would be well supplied by his excellent lady, who had mingled her instructions with those of the masters of the several sciences, who, at her desire, attended upon him.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Grandison sets out on his Travels. The dissolute Life of Creutzer his Governor. Mr. Grandison becomes intimate with Dr. Bartlett, Governor to Mr. Lorimer, a profligate young Gentleman, who contracting an Intimacy with Creutzer, the latter commits Crimes which oblige him to seek his Safety in Flight. Mr. Lorimer and a Courtezan conspire the Death of Dr. Bartlett: which is near being effected. Mr. Lorimer's Death. Instances of Mr. Grandison's Generosity.

THE young gentleman being seized with a deep melancholy on his suffering so irreparable a loss, his father, who was also greatly grieved, and the more so, as he could not help reproaching himself for having, in some measure, been the occasion of that loss, yielded to the entreaties of General W. his late lady's brother, to permit him to travel. The general recommended for a governor to Mr. Grandison, one Creutzer, an officer under him, who having been wounded, was obliged to quit the army. Sir Thomas allowed

ed his son, who was now about seventeen, 800 l. a year, from the time of his setting out on his travels, and sometime after raised his allowance to 1000 l.

Creutzer, though recommended by his uncle, soon convinced Mr. Grandison, that he was a most abandoned profligate; he had, however, the happiness, by his prudence, to escape several snares which this artful wretch laid for his virtue, from the hopes that if he could betray him into them, he should silence his remonstrances against his own bad conduct, and prevent his complaining of him in his letters to Sir Thomas.

When they were at Turin, Mr. Grandison commenced an acquaintance with Dr. Bartlett, governor to Mr. Lorimer, a young gentleman, with whom Mr. Creutzer became extremely intimate, and the two former became as closely united from their good qualities, as the two latter from their bad ones. Several riotous things were done there by Mr. Grandison's governor and Lorimer, who notwithstanding the Doctor's using his utmost endeavours to keep them asunder, were almost constantly together; but one of their exploits

plots rendering them in danger from the civil magistrate, Creutzer, to avoid the punishment he deserved, fled to Rome, from whence he wrote to desire Mr. Grandison to join him in that city.

The worthy youth, who had often in vain threatened to complain of him to his father, then sent to inform him of the profligacy and abandoned principles of the man who had been placed over him, in order to direct his conduct, and to intreat him to appoint him another governor, or permit his to return to England, till he had chose one for him. In the mean time he besought Doctor Bartlett, to allow him to apply to him for his advice and instruction, till he had received his father's answer. Sir Thomas wrote him word, that having heard of his prudence from every mouth, he gave him full liberty to choose what companion he pleased, and appointed him no other governor, but his own discretion. Upon this Mr. Grandison, more earnestly than before, with a modesty and diffidence of himself, suited to his natural generosity of temper, that would never permit him to grow vain and assuming upon indulgence,
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entreated the Doctor's directions with the greatest earnestness; and when they were obliged to part, they established a correspondence that was to last as long as their lives.

While the empty and profligate Mr. Lorimer passed through a few of the cities of Lombardy, where he spent his time in dissipation, and attending the idle diversions of the places in which he lived, Mr. Grandison made almost the tour of Europe, and yet took sufficient time to make such remarks upon persons, places, and things, as could scarcely be believed to be the observations of a man so young.

Dr. Bartlett observing the idle manner in which Mr. Lorimer spent his time, was the more patient, as he hoped the carnival at Venice would be over before his pupil got to that city. But Lorimer suspecting that he intended to prevent his being there, gave his governor the slip, and got thither at the very beginning of it. The Doctor was obliged to follow him, and on his arrival at Venice, had the mortification to hear, that he was one of the most dissolute persons there. When he saw him again, he set before him
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the example of Mr. Grandison, a much younger man, and endeavoured to inspire him with emulation, by reading to him some of Mr. Grandison's letters. But all the effect these had upon him, was to encrease his aversion both to his governor and to that gentleman. However, by one of these letters, he for a time obtained some reputation; it was written some months before it was shewn him, and described some places of note thro' which Mr. Grandison had passed; he therefore contrived to steal it, and his father having frequently desired him to let him see a specimen of his observations on his travels, he copied it almost verbatim, and sent it as his own. The Doctor was greatly surprized on his receiving a congratulatory letter from his father on his son's improvements, mixed with some little asperity at the Doctor's having represented him in a too disadvantageous light. The fond father observed, that he could never believe that a son of his wanted genius, and he was certain he needed nothing but to apply. He then gave orders for doubling the value of his next remittance. Upon this Doctor Bartlett taking the young gentleman to task,

task, he owned what he had done, and seemed greatly elated at his contrivance. His governor, however, thought proper to undeceive the father. Mr. Lorimer enraged at Doctor Bartlett for exposing him, and for his continually obstructing his lawless pursuits, was determined to make him repent it; and becoming acquainted with a courtesan, who by her subtle and dangerous contrivances had ruined many young travellers, they joined in a resolution, to be revenged on the Doctor, whom they considered as their greatest enemy. They formed several projects, and one of them proved so successful, as to put his life in the greatest danger. Great pains had been taken with Mr. Lorimer to instruct him in the histories of ancient Greece and Rome; and his father being a learned man, was very desirous of seeing those places of ancient Grece, of which he had read so much. Doctor Bartlett with great difficulty, prevailed on the young man to leave Venice, where the vile woman, and the diversions of the place, had taken scandalous hold of him. He took him with him to Athens, where he at length found, that the very woman who had given him
him

him such uneasiness at Venice, had followed him and was still his mistress. However, upon their being guilty of some fresh enormities, he complained of her to the tribunal of Christians, consisting of eight venerable men, out of the eight divisions of the city, who determine causes among the Christians; when they taking cognizance of the facts, this abandoned woman, suborned wretches to accuse the Doctor to the Cadi, who is the Turkish judge of the place, as a dangerous disaffected person; and he being corrupted by presents, got the vayvode or governor to interfere, on which the Doctor was seized, and thrown into prison: His Christian friends in the place were forbidden to interpose in his favour. He was denied the use of pen and ink, and all access to him was prohibited. After which the vile woman having taken proper measures with the persons she had suborned for continuing the worthy Doctor in his severe confinement, returned with her paramour to Venice, where they abandoned themselves to the most dissolute manner of life.

In the mean time Mr. Beauchamp, a young man of learning and fine parts, who had

had some time before, made an acquaintance with Mr. Grandison, visiting Athens, was informed of the Doctor's misfortune, and being told that Mr. Grandison was then at Constantinople, sent a man on purpose to inform him of the whole affair, with all the particulars that had come to his knowledge. Mr. Grandison, who at this information, was struck with grief and astonishment, immediately applied to the English Ambassador at the Porte, and also to the French Minister there, to whom he was known, and they made application to the Grand Vizier; upon which an order was issued for setting the Doctor at liberty. Mr. Grandison, with a view to hasten the Chiaux who carried it, accompanied him, and reached Athens just as the vayvode, who had found the Doctor's finances exhausted, had determined to get rid of the whole affair in a private manner, by the bow-string. The danger endeared the Doctor to the generous mind of Mr. Grandison; and so happy and seasonable a relief endeared Mr. Grandison to the Doctor, while both of them were filled with gratitude to Mr. Beauchamp, who had busied himself in

the best manner he could to suspend the fatal blow, and would not leave Athens till he had seen the Doctor delivered.

Mr. Lorimer's father not having the least idea that his son had any concern in the plot formed against Doctor Bartlett, wrote to entreat that gentleman, when he had obtained his liberty, to take his son again under his care; and the Doctor as little thinking then, that his pupil had been capable of so base an instance of villainy, returned to Venice, and got him out of the hands of the vile woman, after which they went to Rome: But there the unhappy Lorimer continuing his profligate courses, at length became a sacrifice to his vices. On his death bed, he confessed his connivance at the plots which this infamous woman had formed against the Doctor, and particularly that which she had carried into execution at Athens. He was filled with horrors not to be described, and as his death approached, begged for life with the greatest earnestness, promising, on that condition, the most perfect reformation. The manner of his death, and the crimes of which he confessed himself guilty, by the instigation of
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the most abandoned of woman, so shocked and afflicted his governor, that he fell ill.

In the mean while Mr. Grandison visited several parts of Asia and Africa, and in particular Egypt, during which he carried on a correspondence with Doctor Bartlett. On his return to Italy, and joining his two friends, he engaged the Doctor to accompany Mr. Beauchamp into some of the eastern regions, which he himself had been particularly pleased with, and, as he said, wanted to be more exactly informed of; and therefore insisted on its being undertaken at his own expence; for he knew that Mr. Beauchamp had a step-mother, who had prevailed on his father to take off two thirds of the allowance he made him when he set out on his travels.

That gentleman was very unwilling to comply with the condition imposed on him by his beloved friend; but Mr. Grandison was never at a loss for arguments to keep those in countenance, whose interest he promoted, and to make their acceptance of his favours appear to be both a duty and an obligation conferred on himself. Indeed Mr. Grandison

delighted in doing good. Thus, while he was at Leghorn, where he resided some time for the conveniency of the English chapel, he lent an honest tradesman a considerable sum on his bond; but after a while, things not answering the poor man's expectation, that benevolent young gentleman took notice that he seemed dejected, and occasionally came into his company with such a sense of obligation in his behaviour and countenance, as filled him with compassion. Why, said he to himself, should I keep it in my power to distress one whose modesty and diffidence shews that he deserves to be made easy? My life is uncertain; I may die suddenly; my executors may think it but justice to exact payment, and that may involve the poor man in as great difficulties as those from which this money has delivered him. I will therefore make his heart light, and instead of suffering him to sigh over his uncertain prospects at his board or in his bed, I will make both easy to him. His wife and children shall rejoice with him; they shall see his countenance again shine upon them, and occasionally meet mine with grateful comfort. He then
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cancelled the bond; and, at the same time fearing that the poor man's distress might be deeper than he was willing to acknowledge, offered to lend him a farther sum. But by his behaviour upon this generous offer, he found that the sum he owed, and his doubts of being able to pay it in time, were his only grievances; for he gratefully declined the additional offer, and from that time walked erect with a chearful countenance.

C H A P. III.

An Account of a noble Family at Bologna. Mr. Grandison's Friendship for Seignior Jeronymo, whom he in vain endeavours to reform. They quarrel; Mr. Grandison refuses to draw his Sword; but afterwards saves his Life. The Gratitude shewn by all Jeronymo's Family on this Occasion.

WE are now going to enter on many interesting scenes arising from Mr. Grandison's connections with persons, who from henceforward will make a very considerable figure in this history, and with whom it is necessary to render the reader acquainted.

At the city of Bologna, and in the neighbourhood of Urbino, are two branches of a noble family, who are Marquisses and Counts of Porretta, and trace their pedigree from the Roman Princes. In Bologna is the Marchese della Porretta, a nobleman of distinguished merit, whose lady is illustrious for her descent, her prudence, her goodness of heart, and sweetness of temper. They have three sons and a daughter. The eldest of the

the sons is a general officer in the service of the king of the two Sicilies, and is a man of great honour and distinguished bravery, but being proud of his descent, is haughty and passionate. The second, who belongs to the church, is already a bishop. The third, who is called Seignior Jeronymo, and sometimes the Barone della Porretta, has a regiment in the King of Sardinia's service. The sister is beloved by them all; she has a fine person, is gentle in her manners, and has lofty, but just notions, of the honour of her sex, she is pious, beneficent and charitable.

The ingenious and engaging Mr. Grandison became intimate with Seignior Jeronymo while at Rome. This youth had many fine qualities; he had such a sweetness of manners, and was so delightfully gay and lively, that every one sought for his company; but he unhappily had a set of dissolute companions, with whom he was very desirous of bringing Mr. Grandison acquainted. That gentleman suffered himself several times to be brought into their company; but as he found they were totally abandoned in their

morals, he earnestly endeavoured to draw his friend from such dangerous companions, by opposing their libertine principles; but infatuated by a love of pleasure, he had not the courage to forsake them, or to resist their attacks upon his morals. However, Mr. Grandison's friendship was so sincere as to induce him to make use of all his abilities to reclaim him; but finding his repeated admonitions were to no purpose, he had recourse to writing, and sent him a friendly and affectionate letter, in which he represented the weakness of the arguments used by his libertine companions, and in a forcible manner represented the motives to virtue and honour, and the meanness which is the inseparable companion of guilt. Let us consider, said he, the object of your pursuit, are they women you have seduced from the path of virtue, who would, perhaps, have otherwise married, and made useful members of society? What a capital crime is a seduction of this kind! Can you glory in the virtue of your own sister, and allow yourself to destroy the virtue of the daughter, the sister of another? Men in the
pride

pride of their hearts, are apt to suppose that nature has designed them to be superior to women. The highest proof that can be given of such superiority, is the protection afforded by the stronger to the weaker: But what can he say for himself and his proud pretensions who employs all his art to seduce, betray, and ruin her whom he ought to guide and protect? — Sedulous to save her, perhaps, from every foe but the devil and himself.

What a blessing are good children to their parents! but what comfort can that parent have in children born the heirs of disgrace; and who, owing their very being to profligate principles, have no family honour to support, no fair example to imitate; but must be warned by their father, when he is convinced by bitter experience, to shun the paths he has trod? On the other hand, how delightful is the domestic connection! to bring to the paternal and fraternal dwellings, a sister, a daughter, that shall be received with tender love, to strengthen your own interest by an alliance with some noble and worthy family, who

shall rejoice to trust to the Barone della Porretta the darling of their hopes. — This would to a generous heart like yours, be the source of infinite delights. But could you now think of introducing to the friends you revere, the unhappy object of a vagrant affection? Must not my Jeronymo estrange himself from his home to conceal from his father, from his mother, from his sister, persons shut out from their society, by all the laws of honour? Justly do you boast of the nobility of your descent, of the excellence of every branch of your family. Bear with my question, my Lord, are you determined to sit down with the honour of your ancestors? Your progenitors, and every one of your own family, have given you reason to applaud their worth; will you not give them cause to boast of yours? You have shewed me letters from your noble father, from your mother, from the pious prelate your brother, and still, if possible, more admirable ones from your sister, all filled with concern for your present and future welfare. How dearly is my Jeronymo beloved by his whole family! and how tenderly
does

does he love them! What ought to be the result? Jeronymo cannot be ungrateful. He knows so well what belongs to the character of a dutiful son and an affectionate brother, that I need not attempt to enforce their arguments.

The Barone had a high spirit, and could not bear to be opposed in any pursuit in which his passions were engaged: hence he was displeased at the generous freedom of this letter, and Mr Grandison soon became less solicitous to cultivate a friendship with a person, who, where his morals were concerned, could not bear the most friendly admonitions. They therefore separated, and during their absence dropped all correspondence with each other. The Barone, however, being sometime after involved by his libertine companions in great difficulties, broke his connection with them, and afterwards accidentally meeting Mr. Grandison at Padua, their friendship was again renewed at the earnest desire of Jeronymo. That youth thought himself reformed, and Mr. Grandison flattered himself that his reformation was real; but in a little time he met with a temptation, which he had not the
reso-

resolution to resist. This was from a lady more famed for her birth, her beauty and fortune, than for her prudence and virtue. Before Jeronymo became acquainted with her, she had spread her snares for Mr. Grandison, and being exasperated at his slighting the advantages she had made him, she hoped now to find an opportunity of being revenged.

Mr. Grandison being deeply concerned at the infatuation of his friend thought himself under an obligation, both from honour and conscience, to endeavour, by writing him another letter, to recall him to the paths of virtue. He, in the gentlest and most friendly terms, censured his conduct, and strove to put him on his guard, by informing him that his life was in danger from two men of violent tempers, who, unknown to each other, considered this lady as their own. Jeronymo was so weak as to let her see the contents of this letter, he even resolved to vindicate her honour, and, prompted by this revengeful woman, defied, and challenged his friend. Mr. Grandison with a noble disdain, refusing to draw his sword, appealed
to

to Jeronymo's cool reflections; high words arose between them; Jeronymo even called him coward; but Mr. Grandison after a violent struggle with himself, mastered his temper, and defying the unjust censures of the world, told him that he would never meet as a foe, the man he had ever desired to consider as his friend. If we ever meet again, I assure you, he added, that if they ever met again, it must be by accident; and then it would be time enough to dispute the occasion of this misunderstanding. Indeed, the next meeting was unsought for. Jeronymo rashly pursuing the adventure, which had occasioned this misunderstanding, one of the lady's admirers, hired several Brescian brave's, to assassinate him. They made their attempt in the Cremonese, where they fell upon him, in a thicket at a distance from the road.

Happily Mr. Grandison was passing by, attended by two servants, when a frightened horse, with his bridle broke, and his saddle bloody, ran across the way. Mr. Grandison, imagining that some mischief had befallen the rider, drove down the opening from which

which the horse came, and soon beheld a man struggling on the ground with two ruffians, one stopping his mouth, and the other stabbing him. Mr. Grandison then jumped out of the post-chaise, drew his sword, and ran towards them as fast as he was able, calling to his servants to follow him. On this the villains fled, when he heard one of them say, let us make off, we have done his business. Shocked at the villainy of these assassins, he pursued and came up with one of them, who turning upon him, he beat down the fellow's blunderbuss at the instant he presented it at him, then wounded and threw him on the ground; but observing the other ruffian turning back to help his companion, and two others suddenly appearing with their horses, he thought it most prudent to make his retreat though he was very desirous of securing one of them. His servants, at the same instant, seeing his danger, hastened shouting towards him, when the brave's, perhaps, imagining there were more still behind, seemed as glad to escape with their rescued companion, as he was to leave them.

Mr.

Mr. Grandison then hastened to the unhappy man; but how great was his astonishment, when he found him to be Jeronymo, who had been pursuing his amour in disguise!

As he gave signs of life, Mr. Grandison immediately sent one of the servants to Cremona for a surgeon, and in the mean while bound up two of his wounds, one in his breast, and the other in his shoulder; but he had another in his hip, which his young deliverer found beyond his skill to manage; he however strove to stop the blood with his handkerchief, and having lifted him into his chaise, stepped in with him, and held him up in it, till he was told by one of his men, that in another part of the thicket he had found the Barone della Porrella's servant bound and wounded, and near him his horse lying dead. At this Mr. Grandison stepped out, and finding the poor fellow stiff with his wounds, and unable to stand, put him into the chaise; then walked by its side, and in this manner moved slowly towards Cremona, in order to shorten the way of the expected surgeon, who soon met them.

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The post chaise was stopped, when the surgeon entering it, found that the Barone had fainted away; but he dressed his wounds and proceeded with him to Cremona. Where opening his eyes, he beheld and knew Mr. Grandison; and being informed by the surgeon that he owed his life to him, O Grandison, said he, that I had followed your advice! that I had kept my promise with you!—How did I insult you!—Can my generous deliverer forgive me? If it please God to restore me, you shall be the guide of my future life.

Mr. Grandison stayed with him till he was fit to be removed from Cremona, where he was visited by his whole family. Never was there a family more affectionate to each other; for the suffering of one was the suffering of all. The Barone was extremely beloved by his father, mother, and sister, for his affectionate heart, and the engaging sweetness of his manners. It is therefore easy to conceive how acceptable to the whole family was the important service which Mr. Grandison was so happy as to render their Jeronymo. They all joined in blessing him, which

which they repeated with double ardour when they knew that he was the person whom their Ieronymo, during their intimacy, had warmly extolled in his letters to both his brothers, and to his sister; and who now told them the occasion of their quarrel, with circumstances as much to Mr. Grandison's honour, as they were disgraceful to himself. While his generous friend attended him by his beds side, he frequently called for a repetition of those arguments which he had before joined with his pretended friend in deriding. He begged him to forgive his having treated them with levity, and him with the greatest disrespect; and entreated his family to consider his generous friend, not only as the preserver of his life, but as the restorer of his morals. Hence the whole family entertained the highest idea of Mr. Grandison's exalted virtue and friendship; and to strengthen their good opinion, the noble youth shewed them the letters his friend had wrote, with the hopes of inforcing his temporary convictions, and drawing him from the shameful pursuits in which he was unhappily engaged.

The whole family were inspired with the utmost gratitude. The father was uneasy from his not knowing how to acknowledge, according to the largeness of his heart, to a man in genteel circumstances; the obligations under which he had laid them. The mother, with an amiable freedom, which the Italian ladies are unaccustomed to express, desired her Clementina to consider, as her fourth brother, the preserver of the third; and the Barone observed, that he should never rest till his dear Graudison was rewarded in the manner he deserved.

C H A P. IV.

The manner in which Mr. Grandison lived with this noble Family at Bologna. The Count of Belvedere falls in love with Clementina, whom Mr. Grandison admires, yet is desired to talk to her in that Nobleman's favour. That Lady is suspected to be in love with Mr. Grandison, who leaves Italy. Her strange behaviour during his absence, and her love for Mr. Grandison.

THE Barone was no sooner removed to Bologna than the whole family appeared studious to get Mr. Grandison among them. The general made him promise, when his relations, as he termed them, at Bologna, could part with him, to favour them with his company at Naples. The bishop, who spent all the time he could spare from his diocese at Bologna, in compliment to Mr. Grandison, his fourth brother, would have him give him lessons on the English language. Our Milton's reputation had reached them, and the friendship that had subsisted between him and a learned Italian nobleman,

endeared his memory to them: He was therefore their principal author. As these lectures were usually held in the wounded brother's chamber, in order to amuse him; he likewise became his scholar. The father and mother were frequently present, and the lovely Clementina was seldom absent: She also termed him her tutor; and though she was seldomer present at these pleasing lectures than her brothers, she made a much greater proficiency than any of them.

In such company Mr. Grandison could not fail of passing his time very agreeably; he was particularly honoured with the confidence of the Marchioness, who opened her heart to him on every material occurrence that presented itself. Her lord, who is distinguished by his politeness, was never better pleased than when he found them together; and frequently though they were not engaged in lectures, the lovely Clementina claimed a right to be present with her mother.

Things were in this situation when the young count of Belvedere, who had received his education in Spain returned to Parma,
and

and paying a visit to this noble family, saw and loved Clementina. As the count was not only a man of sense, but had a handsome person, and a great fortune; they all thought that his alliance was very desirable. The Marquis highly approved of it, and the Marchioness had several conversations with Mr. Grandison on this subject: She thought it necessary to know his thoughts on the occasion, as the Barone, unknown to him, had frequently declared, that he thought there was no other way of rewarding his merit than by giving him a relation to the family. In the mean time Mr. Grandison, thus distinguished by all the persons of this noble house, and a daily witness of the innumerable excellencies of the lovely Clementina, found it impossible not to suffer his vanity to be sometimes awakened, and to stifle his wishes of obtaining such a prize; but he endeavoured to check the pleasing idea the moment he found it play about his heart, for he would have thought any attempt to recommend himself to the young lady's favour, though only by his looks and af-

fiduties, a breach of that generous trust and confidence which they all reposed in him.

Mean while the rebellion breaking out in Scotland, Mr. Grandison being known to be warm in the interest of his country, was often obliged to enter into debates, which he sincerely wished to avoid. It was not doubted that the success of the rebels would be attended with the restoration of the romish religion; and Clementina was in particular pleased with the thought, that her heretick tutor would then take refuge in the bosom of the mother church: She even took great delight in saying things of this nature in the language he taught her, and which she now spoke very intelligibly.

Mr. Grandison, now formed the resolution of retiring from Italy, and visiting some of the German Courts. This he communicated to the Marchioness, who expressed her concern at the thoughts of his leaving them, and prevailed on him to defer his departure for some time; but hinted her and her lord's apprehensions of his being in love with Clementina. He convinced her that he had behaved with the utmost honour in this particular,

ticular, and she so fully satisfied the Marquis, that on their daughter's absolutely refusing the Count of Belvedere, they desired him to talk to her in favour of that nobleman. The young lady and Mr. Grandison had a conference on this subject, while the Marquis and Marchioness, unknown to either of them, had placed themselves to listen to their discourse in a closet adjoining to the room, and which communicated to another room, as well as to that they were in: However, they had not the least reason to be displeased with their conversation.

The time of Mr. Grandison's departure now drawing near, and the young lady repeatedly refusing the Count of Belvedere, the Barone, unknown to his friend, declared in his favour. His relations objected difficulties with respect to his religion and his country; on which he desired they would permit his talking to him on those subjects, and discouraging with his sister on her motives for refusing the Count of Belvedere; but this they would not allow. The Marchioness herself undertook to talk to her daughter, and to demand of her, her reasons for disliking all the

propofals that had been made her; but on her clofetting the lovely Clementina, nothing was to be got from her but tears; a fllence, that had not the leaft appearance of fullennefs, had, for fome days fhewn, that a deep melancholly had begun to take poffeffion of her mind; and yet fhe appeared extremely offended at their attributing it to love: However, her mother informed Mr. Grandifon, that fhe could not help fufpecting that, unknown to herfelf, fhe was under the dominion of that paffion, from her never appearing chearful, but when taking leffons for learning a language that was never likely to be of the leaft fervice to her. Her melancholly ftill encreafing, he was defired to talk with her. He did fo, and it was obferved that fhe generally affumed a chearful air, while he was prefent; and though fhe faid little, appeared pleafed with every thing he faid to her; but the moment he left her, fhe ftudied to find opportunities of being alone. Her parents, who were in the deepeft affliction, confulted phyficians, who all declared that fhe was in love; fhe was taxed with it, and the utmoft indulgence promifed her

her with respect to the object of her affection that she could wish; but still she could not bear the imputation with patience.

On the evening before the day appointed for Mr. Grandison's departure, this noble family made a splendid entertainment in honour of a guest who had laid them under such extraordinary obligations: For they had the more readily brought themselves to approve of his leaving them, from their desire to know how it would affect Clementina. That lady appeared at table, and during the whole evening, supported her part of the conversation with extraordinary vivacity; and yet there appeared nothing in her looks or behaviour, that seemed the least affected. When they thanked him for the pleasure he had given the whole family, she joined her acknowledgments; and when they expressed their wishes to see him again before he returned to England, she did the same. Mr. Grandison's heart was dilated, and he was overjoyed at seeing such a happy alteration. When he took leave of them, she stood forward to receive his compliments. He offered to press her hand with his lips, but present-

ing her cheek to him, my brother's deliverer, said she, must not affect this distance, adding, God preserve my tutor wherever he goes. May you never want such an agreeable friend as you have been to us! And, in English, God convert you, Chevalier! S.

As the Barone was not able to be with them, his friend went to take his leave of him, when, throwing his arms about him, he cried, O my Grandison? will you go? — Blessings attend you! But what will become of a brother and sister, when they have lost you? She must, she shall be yours — Why, will you leave us? Mr. Grandison was surprized; for he had never before been so particular, and answered, it could not be, for there were a thousand obstacles. — All of which, returned the Barone, that depends on us, I don't doubt I shall overcome. They then settled a method of carrying on their correspondence, and parted.

The next morning Mr. Grandison set out for Inspruck, but on his arrival at that city, was deeply afflicted at receiving a letter, by which he was informed that Clementina's chearful and lively behaviour had lasted no longer

longer than the next day, and that her malady had returned with double force. She shut herself up in her chamber without seeming to know that her woman was in it, or making any answer to the questions she asked her; but setting her chair with its back towards her over against a closet, after a deep silence, leaned forwards, and, in a low voice, seemed talking to a person in the closet, crying, You say he is actually gone? Gone for ever? No, not for ever! Who, Madam, said the woman. To whom, pray, do you direct your discourse? — We were all doubtless obliged to him, resumed she; so bravely to rescue my brother, and to pursue the braves, and, as my brother says, to put him into his own chaise, and walk on foot by its side. — Why, as you say, the assassins might have murdered him, or the horses might have trampled him under their feet. Her woman then stepped into the closet, and in order to turn the course of her ideas, opened the door, and left it open, to try if that would divert her attention from the place; but she still talked calmly, as if to some body in it, then bursting into a faint laugh,

laugh, she cried, in love! that is such a silly whim, and yet I love every body better than myself. At that instant the Marchioness entering the room, Clementina rose in haste, and shutting the closet-door, as if some body had been hid there, threw herself at her feet, crying, My dear mamma, forgive me for all the trouble I have caused you — But I will, I must be God's child, as well as your's, I will retire into a convent.

Every thing that medicine could do, was now tried: But her confessor, though an honest and worthy man, had filled her mind with fears and terrors. He observed the favour Mr. Grandison was in with the whole family, and dreading lest his influence might have such an effect, as to withdraw this lady from the bosom of the church, had raised such a conflict in her heart, between her piety, which was ardent and sincere, and her gratitude and sensibility as her tender frame was unable to bear.

In the city of Florence is a family of distinguished rank and honour, the ladies of which have a friend who lives with them named Beaumont, who in the early part of life,

life, was defrauded of her fortune by an uncle. She is an English protestant, and is greatly esteemed for her genius, and the goodness of her heart. These ladies, with this their companion, were one day visiting at the Marchese della Porretta's, when the distressed mother told them the mournful tale; and they thinking nothing that could be effected by human prudence impossible to Mrs. Beaumont, desired, that the young lady might be entrusted to her care at their house in Florence. To this they immediately agreed, and they took her with them. Mrs. Beaumont soon engaged the unhappy Clementina's affections, and, by her very artful management, found means to prevail on her to reveal the cause of her melancholly, and that it arose from her regard for Mr. Grandison. Her hopes that his absence would restore her tranquillity, had made her behave with such steadiness at his departure; but she was not long able to maintain so great a part; yet she still professed that she would never marry one, who by his religion was an enemy to the faith, in which she had never wavered; and which, she observed, she would

would never change, were an earthy crown to be placed on the head of the man she loved, to be the reward.

Upon this, Mrs. Beaumont wrote an affecting letter to the Marchioness, in which she gave her a particular account of this conversation; and that lady, in return, sent her an answer, filled with the warmest expressions of gratitude, inclosing in it a letter to her daughter, wherein she endeavoured to give her all the consolation possible, inviting her and her amiable friend to Bologna, and promising, in the name of her father and brothers, a most indulgent welcome, with the gratification of all her wishes. The lady Clementina became much easier and more composed, on receiving these assurances, and returned to Bologna with a more serene and settled mind than she enjoyed at her leaving that city.

C H A P. V.

The whole Family being informed of Clementina's Passion, sent for Mr. Grandison. His Reception at his Return. They propose his marrying the Lady, but though he loves her with the greatest Tenderness, the Conditions are such as he cannot comply with, on which he again leaves Italy.

THE whole family were desired to assemble upon this occasion, when, by common consent, it was agreed that Mr Grandison should be sent for. That gentleman was then at Vienna, and Jeronymo, in his letter, congratulated him on his having it now in his power to reward him; hinting in general, that the conditions would be such as he could not fail of thinking highly to his advantage. This news greatly affected Mr. Grandison; for, from his knowledge of the lady and the whole family, he was afraid the articles of residence and religion would not be easily compromised; on which account he summoned up all his prudence to keep alive his fears, and suspend every flattering hope.

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He instantly returned to Bologna, where, on his arrival, he was received with all the marks of friendship and esteem by the Marquis and the Bishop. The Barone, who still kept his chamber, embracing him, said, Now is the affair I have so long had in view, determined. O Chevalier, you'll be a happy man, Clementina will be your's, and you will be Clementina's. Now do I indeed embrace my brother — But I won't detain you; haste to the happy girl, who is with her mother, and both are ready to welcome you. Mr. Grandison was then conducted into the Marchioness's drawing-room, where he found that lady richly dressed, with the lovely Clementina also elegantly dressed, and standing by her chair; while her natural modesty, heightened by a glowing consciousness that seemed to arise from the occasion, gave her advantages superior to her richest jewels. The Marchioness behaved to him with great tenderness and respect, apologized for her daughter's silence and confusion; and, on her returning, congratulated him on the happiness intended him, observing that she would leave particular subjects to be discoursed

discourfed of between the Bifhop and him, adding, that the fame thing fhould be done for Clementina, as if ſhe had married the man they wifhed her to have, when they imagined her affections entirely difengaged. Mr. Grandifon applauded her goodnefs, and ſhe added, that ſhe did not doubt his loving Clementina more than any other lady. He returned, that he had never ſeen one he could have loved fo with ſuch tendernefs, had he not put a reſtraint upon himſelf, from the high notions they entertained of their rank and quality, from the difference of religion, and from the confidence the family reposed in him; he therefore aſſured the Marchionefs, that not having preſumed to encourage hopes of the happinefs that now ſeemed to await him, he could hardly yet flatter himſelf that he ſhould enjoy ſuch felicity. She answered, that he deſerved it all: He knew the value they had for him: Clementina's regard was founded on virtue, and ſhe did not doubt but all that depended on him would, as well from generoſity as gratitude, be complied with. The Marquiſs, who entered ſoon after, behaved with the ſame indulgence, letting

him know, that his son the Bishop, would discourse with him upon terms. A great fortune, besides a noble estate bequeathed her by her two grand-fathers, was proposed, and his father was to be invited over to grace their nuptials.

The Bishop at last made the dreaded proposals, with which, neither his conscience, nor his love for his country, would suffer him to comply. He was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to settle in Italy, and only be allowed once in two or three years, to go to England, if he pleased, for two or three months; and, if their daughter should desire it, she might once in her life, be carried thither on a visit of curiosity, and stay there the time they should limit. The Bishop, who was amazed at his scruples, in vain endeavoured to convince him of what he called his errors; for he could not change his religion without conviction; he even reproached him with obstinacy, ingratitude and cruelty. The General, who was now at Bologna, raved, threatened, and treated him with contempt, while the Marquis began to consider him as unworthy of the honour
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designed him. In what distress was Mr. Grandison involved, in being thus obliged to deny himself the dearest wish of his heart, and to disappoint the warm expectations of those who had a sincere value for him! But when his dear Jeronymo intreated his compliance; when the tender mother entreated him to have pity on her heart, and her poor child's head; and when the gentle, the lovely Clementina, urged him for his soul's sake, to embrace the doctrines of her holy mother the church, how was his mind torn by the contending passions, which tortured his breast? But he was fully satisfied with his own faith, and had insuperable objections to that which they desired him to embrace; and, if he complied, his conscience and his country, were to be the sacrifice. Yet he studied for a compromise. Clementina was very dear to him, and he then beheld graces in her which he had hitherto struggled to behold with indifference. He proposed to live one year in Italy, and one in England by turns, if their dear Clementina would consent to live with him there; if not, he proposed to pass only three months in every year in his native

country. He offered to leave her entirely at her liberty in the article of religion; and, in case of children by the marriage, the daughters to be educated by her, and the sons by him; a condition, to which the Pope himself, it was presumed, would not refuse his sanction. To this, the unhappy Clementina would have consented, and earnestly endeavoured to procure the consent of her friends. But no arguments could prevail on them to allow their daughter to marry a protestant. This determination was followed by the most distressful scenes; the mother, indeed, seemed in a manner neutral; and the Barone remained still firm in Mr. Grandison's interest; but the Marquiss, the General, the Bishop, and the whole Urbino branch of the family, were immoveable. The General treated him even with an insolent arrogance, and imagining that Mr. Grandison had used some art to engage his sister's affections, pretended to have a right to call him to an account for it: But, notwithstanding Mr. Grandison's being deeply distressed, he answered the General's passionate speeches with spirit; but let him know that nothing should make him attempt
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the life of the brother of his friend. The rigour of their behaviour was now extended even to the unhappy Clementina, and Mr. Grandison in vain recommended their treating her with indulgence. He was desired to depart from Bologna, and Clementina was not permitted to see him, though she begged on her knees to have a parting interview. At hearing of his being gone, her grief moved every one to pity, and this subsided into fits, the deepest melancholly and silence.



C H A P. VI.

Mr. Grandison saves Mr. Danby's Life. The manner in which Sir Thomas Grandison lived while his Son was on his Travels. His Death, and the treatment Mrs. Oldham, received from Sir Charles's Sisters.

MR. Grandison no sooner left Italy than he proceeded to Paris, to wait there for orders from his father, to return to his native country. While he was in France, he paid a visit to Mr. Danby, an eminent merchant of great integrity, to whom his father remitted money for his use. With this gentleman, he had been before acquainted, and having now spent two days with him in the city, he accompanied him to a little lone house in the Cambresis, which that gentleman used to term his dormitory. Mr. Grandison had only one servant with him, who lay in a little room over the stable, with a man servant of Mr. Danby's, there being conveniencies in the house only for Mr. Danby, a friend, and two women servants. About midnight Mr. Grandison was alarmed by hearing a noise at the
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the window of Mr. Danby's room, when instantly slipping on his cloaths, and drawing his sword, he ran thither just as a villain with a large knife in his hand had seized Mr. Danby's throat, who, till then was found asleep. The skin of his neck, and one of his hands, which he had lifted up to defend himself, were slightly wounded, when Mr. Grandison run the ruffian into the shoulder with his sword; and at the same moment threw him with violence from the bed against the door; on which he roared out, that he was a dead man. By that time a second fellow, who had got up to the window, was half in, when calling to a third below to haste up after him, Mr. Grandison ran to the second fellow, who then fired a pistol, but happily missed him; and feeling the point of the sword in his arm, threw himself, with a little of Mr. Grandison's help, upon the third ruffian, who was mounting the ladder, and knocked him off; after which both made their escape. Mean while the assassin within had fainted away, and the two maids let in Mr. Grandison's and Mr. Danby's servants, who had been alarmed by the screams of the

women from their window, and the report of the pistol. The two footmen, having, by Mr. Grandison's order, bound up the ruffian's shoulder, and carried him into the hall, he came to himself, and offered to make a full confession; and being carried before a magistrate, laid open the whole villany.

Mr. Danby had a brother of very abandoned principles, to whom he had frequently given large sums, which he squandered away in his debaucheries. He had also settled a thousand guineas on each of the children of this brother, who had the folly and impudence to make a demand of the same sum, pleading that he had as much right to it as they; and, enraged at his meeting with a refusal, formed a design to get the possession of his whole fortune; For, Mr. Danby being a bachelor, and being known to have an aversion to the thoughts of making his will, this wretch had hired these ruffians to murder him; and that the fact might have the appearance of being done by robbers, the house was to have been plundered, as soon as the horrid fact was perpetrated. The villains were each to receive a thousand crowns on this
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unnatural monster's getting possession of his brother's fortune; and they had fifty crowns a-piece paid them in hand, Their base employer waited the event at Calais; and being soon informed of what had happened, passed over to Dover. The two men who had escaped, were disabled by their bruises from flying far, and were apprehended; but the wounded man having lost much blood, did not recover; the survivors were ordered for execution; but Mr. Danby interceding for them, they were sent to the gallies.

During the time that Mr. Grandison was sacrificing the dearest wishes of his heart to his religion, and his love of his country, and was exposed to dangers that called forth all his courage, his father was indulging his love of pleasure. He placed over his daughters, as governess, the widow of one of his companions, named Oldham, whose fortune had not held out as Sir Thoma's had done. This lady had fine qualities, was well descended, handsome, and an œconomist; but she soon became so unhappily sensible of Sir Thomas's favours and presents, that in little more than a twelve-month, she was obliged to come

up to town, where she lay in. The eldest of these young ladies, being at that time about nineteen, and the youngest sixteen years old, they had such spirit as to oppose this lady's return to her office; and undertook to manage every thing themselves at their capital seat in Hampshire. But Sir Thomas having another seat in Essex, carried Mrs. Oldham thither; and for some time every body apprehended that they were married. Sir Thomas was highly displeased at his daughters for opposing the return of their governess. Sir Thomas had another mistress in town, who had a taste for all its gaieties.

The young ladies were now treated with great severity by Sir Thomas, and his son had not been long abroad, when they were forbid to correspond with him, lest his follies should be the subject of their correspondence; and he also ordered their brother not to write to them. This prohibition gave these ladies the most sensible concern, as they dreaded its laying a foundation for their being treated with indifference by their brother, on whom, as their mother had foretold, they were likely, if he survived their father, to have too
great

great a dependance. But though Sir Thomas shewed not the least tenderness for his daughters, he, in all companies, gloried in his son, who, he observed, was all that was dutiful, brave, worthy, and pious; alledging to his intimate friends, that the reason of his permitting his being so long absent, was, that his son's morals and his own, were so different, that he should be ashamed of his superiority; but, that he intended to alter his course of life, and then he would send for him. In the mean while Mrs. Farnborough, the woman he lived with, when in town, being seized with the small pox, died; on which, Sir Thomas was so much affected, that he left the town; and, in pursuance of his temporary good resolutions, lived with his daughters, and talked of sending for his son; and for some months behaved like a man of sense and understanding.

About the time of Mrs. Farnborough's being taken ill, Lord L ——— returning from his travels, brought Sir Thomas some presents from his son, who took all opportunities to send him curiosities, some of which were of considerable value, and served to shew
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both his duty and his œconomy. Sir Thomas appeared fond of Lord L — — and on his retiring to Grandison - Hall after Mrs. Farnborough's death, gave him an invitation to visit him there. Hence that nobleman attended him at the Hall, where he fell in love with the eldest of the young ladies, to whom he revealed his passion. She referred herself wholly to her father; but though this match would have been highly to her advantage, Sir Thomas absolutely refused his consent.

At length, Sir Thomas resolved to regulate his affairs, preparative to the leave he intended to give his son to return home. But he knew not what to do with Mrs. Oldham and two children he had by her. He made no doubt of his son's having heard of his guilty commerce with her; but did not chuse that he should find her living with him as a mistress, in one of the family seats. He was also unwilling to use her unhandsomely, and thought himself obliged to provide for the children he had by her.

While he was thus contriving how to make the best appearance before his son, whose character for virtue and prudence made him
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half afraid of him, he received a proposal of marriage for the young gentleman from one of the first men in the kingdom, whose daughter accompanying her brother and his lady in a tour to France and Italy, fell in love with Mr. Grandison at Florence. Sir Thomas had several meetings on this subject, both with the brother and the Earl his father, and was so fond of bringing it to bear, that he had thoughts of reserving to himself an annuity, and in favour of this match, making over the whole estate to his son; and actually sent him this proposal. But Mr. Grandison in his answer, observed, that if this arose from his generosity, affection, and indulgence he had so often experienced, he could not bear it; but if it proceeded from proposals made to him, God forbid, said he, that I should give your name to a woman, however illustrious in her descent, and however wealthy, whose friends could offer such conditions to my father. On this answer, Sir Thomas resolved to suspend the treaty of marriage till his son's arrival.

While Sir Thomas was planning future schemes of life, and had actually begun to
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treat with Mrs. Oldham, who, desiring to reform her conduct, agreed to retire at the first word; he was seized with a violent fever, which, in three days deprived him of the use of his reason. He was at this time with Mrs. Oldham at his seat in Essex; and the physicians soon giving her no hopes of his recovery, she wrote to acquaint the two young ladies with his danger, who, a few days after, dispatched a letter to their brother, who was waiting at Paris, expecting to receive permission from his father to return home. On the eleventh day of his illness, Sir Thomas coming a little to himself, knew his daughters, and wept over them. He then wished he had been kinder to them. He was sensible of his danger, and several times lifted up his feeble hands and dying eyes, repeating, God is just. I have been very wicked! — Repentance! repentance! how hard a task! And Mrs. Oldham entering the room, Oh Mrs. Oldham, what is the world now? What would I give. — But repent! repent! repent! — Put your good resolutions in practice, lest I have more souls to answer for than my own. Soon after his delirium returned, and he expired. Now

Now the two daughters, their cousin Grandison, and Mrs. Oldham for her own security, put their respective seals on every place at that house, where any thing valuable was supposed to be deposited; and Mr. Grandison assuming the management, turned out Mrs. Oldham, permitting her to take with her, only one suit of cloaths besides those she had on. She wept bitterly, complaining of harsh treatment, but met with no pity, and was referred by Mr. Grandison for more rigorous justice to his absent cousin. She appealed to the ladies, but they reproached her with having lived a life of shame, observing, that her punishment was but beginning, that their brother would do her strict justice. He was a man of virtue, and they were sure would look upon her with abhorrence. Thus this unhappy woman already received a severe instance of the change of her fortune, and had too much reason to believe, that they would easily incense their brother against her, as his fortune had been lessened by his father's profusion. The few relations she had living were people of honour, who, since her living with Sir Thomas, had renounced all

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correspondence with her; and she had one son by her husband, besides the two by Sir Thomas, to provide for.

C H A P. VII.

Sir Charles returns to England. His engaging Behaviour to his Sisters, and to Mrs. Oldham.

THE affairs of the family were in this situation when Sir Charles arrived. He returned no answer to his sister's letter, but instantly set out for Calais, embarked, and the same day in which he landed, arrived at his late father's house in St. James's square. How awful to the sister's, after an absence of eight or nine years, must be the first appearance of a brother, on whom their fortunes entirely depended, and to whom they had been accused by their father, now so lately departed, of want of duty! He alighted from his post chaise at the door, and his two sisters met him in the hall. They remembered the graceful youth of seventeen who had left them, with
his

his fine curling auburn locks waving on his shoulders, intelligence sparkling in his fine eyes, and his lively features sweetened by good humour; and, forgetting the womanly beauties into which their own features were ripened, seemed not to expect that manly stature and air, and that equal vivacity and intrepidity, with a noble countenance, that then appeared more than usually solemn, from his having in his thoughts an unburied and beloved father. O my brother! said Caroline, meeting him with open arms, but shrinking from his embrace, may I say my brother? and was just fainting. He clasped her, and supported her in his arms. Charlotte, the youngest, affected at his presence, and surprized at her sister's emotion, ran back into the room they had left, and threw herself upon a settee. Her brother followed her, soothing Miss Caroline, with his arm round her waist, and with eyes of expectation, cried, my Charlotte! holding out his inviting hand, and hastening towards the settee. She then found her feet, and throwing her arms about his neck, he folded both of his sisters to his bosom, crying, receive, my dearest

sisters, receive your brother, your friend. Assure yourselves of my unabated love. That assurance, they cried, was balm to their hearts; and when each was seated, he sitting over against them, looked first on one, then on the other; and taking each by the hand, charming women! said he, how I admire my sisters! I don't doubt that you have minds answerable to your persons. What pleasure, what pride shall I take in my sisters! My dear Charlotte! said Miss Caroline, taking her sister's other hand, has not our brother all the brother in his face? His goodness only looks stronger and more perfect. What was I afraid of? My heart also sunk, I knew not why, said Charlotte: But we feared — indeed Sir, we both feared — O my brother! tears trickling down the cheeks of each — We did not mean to be undutiful. — Love your brother, my dear sisters, he returned, as he will endeavour to deserve your love: My mother's daughters could not be undutiful — mistake only! — unhappy misapprehension! — He then pressed the hands of each with his lips, arose, went to the window, and wiped his eyes: — Then turning towards them, added, permit

permit me, my dear sisters, to retire for a moment, my father demands this tribute. They waited on him to his apartment with silent respect. No ceremony I hope, my Caroline, my Charlotte, he resumed, we were true sisters and brother a few years ago: See your Charles as you saw him then; and don't let absence, which has encreased my love, lessen yours. Each sister then took a hand, and would have kissed it: But he clasped his arms about them both, and saluted them. He cast his eyes on his father's and mother's pictures, with some emotion; then on them, and again saluting each of them, they withdrew with tears of joy trickling down their cheeks.

Sir Charles in half an hour rejoined them in another dress, and again saluted them with an air of tenderness that banished fear, and left room for nothing but love. Soon after their cousin Grandison came in; and after the first compliments, the ladies retiring, that gentleman touched upon the circumstances of Sir Thomas's illness, and death, inveighing against Mrs. Oldham, telling Sir Charles what they had done, and exclaiming against

her for the state she had lived in, and her unwillingness to resign the care of Sir Thomas, in his illness, to his daughters; and particularly for having the assurance to put her seal with theirs to the cabinets and closets that were supposed to contain what was valuable. He then asked Sir Charles, if he was not pleased with what they had done as to that vile woman? But he only observed, that he believed every thing was designed for the best. Mr. Grandison then ridiculed her grief and mortification at being obliged to leave the house, where she had so long reigned Lady Paramount. Sir Charles asked if they had found a will? And was answered, that they had looked in every probable place, but found none. I intend, said Sir Charles, to inter the venerable remains with those of my mother, which I know was his desire. An elegant, but not sumptuous monument, shall be erected to the memory of both, with a modest inscription, that shall be rather a matter of instruction to the living, than a panegyrick on the deceased. The funeral shall be decent, but not ostentatious, and the difference of the expence shall be privately ap-

applied to assist distressed house-keepers, or some of my father's poor tenants who have large families, and have endeavoured, by their industry, to maintain them. And this was soon after carried into execution.

The solemnity was no sooner over than Sir Charles leaving every thing as he found it, at Grandison-Hall, came to town, and in the presence of his sisters, broke the seals they had affixed to the cabinets and escrutoires in the house there; and having made memorandums of the contents of many papers, went with his sisters to the house in Essex, and when there, told them it was necessary for Mrs. Oldham, who had lodgings at a farm-house in the neighbourhood, to be present at breaking the seals, as she had affixed her's; and accordingly sent for her. She came with fear and trembling, when Sir Charles, not expecting her so soon, was in his stable, with the groom and coachman, looking at his horses, which were some of the finest hunters and racers in England. She was shewn, by mistake, into the room where the two ladies were, and at seeing them was

in great confusion, wept, curtesied, and, on Miss Caroline's blaming her maid for bringing her to them, begged pardon, and was withdrawing, but stopped on that lady's saying, my brother, not we, sent for you, I assure you, madam. He says it is necessary, as you thought fit to put your seal with ours, that you should be present at the breaking them. Prepare yourself to see him: You seem mighty unfit — no wonder! Indeed I am unfit, very unfit, said the poor woman: Let me, ladies, bespeak your generosity; a little of your pity; a little of your countenance! I am indeed an unhappy woman! And so you deserve to be, said Miss Caroline. I am sure, we are the sufferers. And so you have put yourself into mourning, madam! Pretty deep too! Indeed ladies, said Mrs. Oldham, I am a real mourner. Here, ladies, are the keys of the stores, of the confectionary, and of the wine vaults. I thought it best to keep them till I could deliver them to your or Sir Charles's order. I have not, ladies, been a bad manager, considered as a house-keeper; all I have in the world is under the seals. I am at yours and your brother's mercy. You'll soon

soon know, madam, said Miss Charlotte, what you have to trust to from him.

Sir Charles entered, and saw her standing pale and trembling near the door. He bowed to her. Mrs. Oldham, I presume, said he — Pray Madam be seated, I sent to you that you might see the seals broken — Pray, Madam, sit down, added he, taking her hand and leading her to a chair not far distant from his sisters, and then sitting in one between them and her, Pray, Madam, compose yourself, added he, with pity in his eyes, and then turned to his sisters, to allow her time to recover herself. She was relieved by a flood of tears, and tried to suppress her audible sobs, which he would not seem to hear. Her emotions then attracting the eyes of his sisters, he took them off by asking them something about a picture that hung on the other side of the room. Then drawing his chair nearer to the unhappy woman, and again taking her trembling hand, said, I am not a stranger, Mrs. Oldham, to your melancholly story. Don't be discomposed. See in me a friend ready to thank you for all your past good offices, and to forget all mistaken ones.

This was more than she could bear; she threw herself at his feet, when raising her to her chair, he added, Poor Mrs. Oldham was unhappily careless, yet I have been told he loved you, and that you merited his love. Your misfortunes threw you into the knowledge of our family. You have been a faithful manager of the affairs of this house. By written evidences I can justify you: Evidences that I am sure, none here will dispute. Mr. Grandison, who is a good-natured man, but a little hasty, has told me, that he treated you with unkindness. He thought you wrong for insisting to put your seal; but he was mistaken, you did right. O brother! O brother! said both the ladies at once, half in admiration, though half vexed. Bear with me, my sisters, said he, We have all something to be forgiven for. They knew not but they might be concerned in the admonition from what their father had written of them. He then mentioned chocolate being brought in, and being desirous of relieving Mrs. Oldham by some little employment, desired her to be so obliging as to see it made.

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She had no sooner left the room, than, addressing himself to the ladies, My dear sisters, said he, let me, on this occasion desire you to think favourably of me. I don't consider this poor woman on the foot of her own merits with respect to us: The memory of our father is concerned: She is intitled to justice, for its own sake; to generosity, for ours; to kindness, for my father's. In several of his letters to me, he praises Mrs. Oldham's œconomy, and he had a right to do what he would with his own fortune. It was not ours till now. Whatever he has left us he might have lessened. That œconomy is all that concerns us in the point of interest, and that is in her favour. He might have given Mrs. Oldham a title to a name that would have commanded our respect, if not our reverence. You have enlarged minds; and are the daughters of the most charitable, the most forgiving of women; and I was willing to judge of her behaviour, before I recommended her to your humanity. Is she not humbled enough? From my soul, I pity her. She loved my father, and I don't doubt mourns for him in secret, yet does not dare to plead

her love. I would now consider her only as one who has executed a principal office in this house; and it will become us to behave to her in such a manner as to make the world think we consider her only in that light.

When they had drank chocolate, he told Mrs. Oldham, he was ready to attend her, and desired his sisters to give them their company. On their coming to the chamber in which Sir Thomas died, Mrs Oldham turned pale, and begged to wait in the adjoining drawing room. Poor woman, cried he, how unhappily is she circumstanced! She dares not before us, shew the tenderness which is the glory of her sex, and of human nature! On opening one of the cabinets in that chamber, they found a beautiful little casket with a paper wafered upon it, on which was wrote, *My wife's jewels*. Sir Charles asking his sisters, if they had not yet received their mother's jewels, and they answering, that their father had said they should be theirs on their marriage, he immediately presented them this casket, which they retired to open, while their brother was taking minutes of papers. Besides the jewels, they found in it three purses,

ses, in two of which were a considerable number of old broad pieces with some bank notes and India bonds. The third parcel was thus labelled, *For my beloved son: In acknowledgment of his duty to his father and me, from infancy to this hour; of his love to his sisters; of the generosity of his temper; of his love of truth, and of his modesty, courage, benevolence, steadiness of mind, docility and other great and amiable qualities, by which he gives a moral assurance of his making a good man, God grant it. Amen.*

This purse the ladies immediately carried to their brother, when having read the label, Excellent woman, said he, being dead she yet speaks; may her pious prayer be answered! Then opening the purse, he found five coronation medals of different princes, a gold snuff-box, in which were three diamond rings, and a miniature picture of his mother, an admirable likeness, set in gold. Neglecting the rest, he took it out, gazed at it in silence, kissed it, and put it next his heart. The ladies then told him what was in the other purses, and offered him the bonds, notes, and money, when asking if there were no directions

ons upon either. They answered, No. He then observing there might be a difference in their value, emptied them upon the table, and mixing the contents of both together, added, Thus mingled, you, my sisters, will equally divide them between you. This picture, placing his hand on his bosom, where it still was, is of infinitely more value than what all the three purses contain besides.

Sir Charles and his sisters having examined every other place in this apartment, he followed Mrs. Oldham to hers, where, shewing him the closet in which was contained all she was worth, she complained of Mr. Grandison's refusing to let her take out of it 50 l. He told her, she might assure herself of justice, and breaking the seal, desired her to produce what she thought proper for him to take account of. He was obliged to check the curiosity of his sisters, who would fain have examined her drawers. She shewed him the cabinet, in which was contained all the money, notes, and securities she had honestly saved. Miss Caroline asked to what amount? No matter, sister, said Sir Charles. You hear Mrs. Oldham say, they are honestly saved. I dare

dare say my father's bounty enabled his meanest servants to save money. I would not keep one that I thought did not. I make no comparison. Mrs. Oldham, you are a gentlewoman. I believe, said Mrs. Oldham, looking afraid of the censures of the ladies, there is near 1200 l. They appeared surprized at the largeness of the sum, and observed, that they should often have been glad of having as many shillings between them. Sir Charles asked what occasion had they for more than current money? but added, that now they had a claim to independency, he hoped, either of their stores would exceed that sum. Mrs. Oldham then trembling, said, in this private drawer are some presents—I disclaim them: If you'll believe me, ladies, I never wished for them, offering to pull out the drawer. Forbear, Mrs. Oldham, said Sir Charles, both the presents and money are yours: Never will I either disparage or diminish my father's bounty. He had a right to do as he pleased. Had he made a will, would they not have been yours? — If you, my sisters, If you, Mrs. Oldham, can tell me any thing he but intended to do for any of his people, I will
execute

execute that intention with the same exactness as if he had inserted it in a will. Shall we do nothing but legal justice? — The law was not made for a man of conscience.

When Sir Charles had examined and taken minutes of every thing in this house, he delivered to Mrs Oldham the key of her apartment, ordering the house-keeper to assist her in the removal of her effects when she pleased, and to allow her to come and go at all times with the same freedom and civility as if she had never left the house. Then, addressing himself to his sisters, he said, You may consider the justice I am willing to do to persons who can claim only justice from me, as an earnest that I will do more than justice for you. You should have been the first to have found the fruits of my love, had I not feared that prudence would have narrowed my intentions. I am sorry, my dear sisters, for the sake of your spirits, that you are left in my power. The best of women always feared that it would be so; but as soon as I can, you shall be absolutely independent on your brother. Both Caroline and Charlotte expressed their gratitude by their tears, telling

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ing him that their being in the power of such a brother was their highest felicity.

Some time after Sir Charles, at parting with Mrs. Oldham, told her, He should be glad to know how she disposed of herself, every unhappy person having a right to the good offices of those who are less embarrassed; and that when she was settled, she would let him know the state of her affairs, and what she proposed to do with those intitled to her care, and she should find that her confidence was not ill placed; Mrs. Oldham, the first opportunity presented him a written estimate of all she was worth, and an account of the manner in which she proposed to live; on which he had the generosity to settle an annuity upon her for the sake of her sons by his father.

As Sir Charles found that his father had left his affairs embarrassed, he disposed of his hunters, racers and dogs, took a survey of his timber upon his estate, and felled what would have been worse for standing; but for the sake of posterity, planted an oakling for every oak he cut down. The sale of the timber he felled in Hampshire, lying convenient
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for water carriage for the use of the government, furnished him with a very considerable sum. He then went to examine his estate in Ireland, paid off a mortgage upon it, and ordered great improvements.

Two or three months after Sir Charles's arrival in England, Lord L. came to town from Scotland, and paid him his first visit; when, his lordship's mentioning his love for Miss Caroline, and she acknowledging her regard for him, he introduced him to her, and joining their hands, held them between both hers; saying, with pleasure do I join hands where such worthy hearts are united. From this time, my lord, do me the honour to look upon me as your brother. My father was a little embarrassed in his affairs, and was perhaps loth they should early claim another protection, but if he had lived to make himself easy, he would doubtless have made them happy. He has left that duty upon me, and I will perform it. Miss Caroline's joy rendered her unable to speak, and my lord was extremely affected. Miss Charlotte was moved with this scene, and lifting up her hands and eyes, prayed, that God would make his power

as large as his heart. And has not my Charlotte said he, turning towards her, some happy man whom she can distinguish by her love? You, my sisters, are equally dear to me. Come, Charlotte, make me your confidant, and your inclinations shall direct my choice.

Before the marriage Sir Charles gave his sister a paper sealed up. Receive this, my Caroline, said he, as from your father's bounty, in compliance with what your mother, had she lived, would have wished. When you oblige Lord L — with one hand, make him this present with the other; and thus intitle yourself to all the gratitude with which his worthy heart will overflow. I have only done my duty in promising an article of the will I have made in my own mind for my father. He then saluted her, and withdrew before she broke the seal; and when she did, she found it contained bank notes for 10,000 l. She threw herself into a chair, and for some time was unable to rise; but recovering herself, she hurried out to find her brother, and was told he was in his sister's apartment. She ran thither, and found Charlotte was in

tears, Sir Charles having just left her. What ails my Charlotte? said she. O Caroline, cried the other, this brother! there is no bearing his generous goodness. See that deed! She took it up, and finding it was for the same sum he had given her, and to carry interest, they congratulated and wept over each other, as if distressed. Caroline found out her brother, but when she approached him, could not utter a word of what she intended to say; but dropping down on one knee, could only express the gratitude by lifting up her hands and eyes. He had no sooner raised and seated her, than the equally grateful Charlotte entered, when, placing her next her sister, and drawing a chair for himself, he took the hand of each, and then said, my dear sisters, you are too sensible of these instances of my brotherly love. It has pleased God to deprive us of our father and mother, and we must supply their loss to each other. Consider me only as an executor of a will that ought to have been made, and perhaps would, had there been time. My circumstances are greater than I expected: Greater, I dare say, than my father thought they

they would be, and I could not do less than I have done. You don't know how much you'll oblige me if you never say another word upon this subject. Soon after this, Caroline was married to Lord L —, who carried her down with him to Scotland, where she was greatly admired and esteemed by all his relations.

C H A P. VIII.

The History of Miss Byron, who is rescued by Sir Charles from the attempts of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, who afterwards sends him a challenge, which he refuses to comply with, yet behaves with great dignity.

WE shall now leave Sir Charles to bring the reader acquainted with an accomplished young lady, who will engage his attention in the following part of this work. Miss Harriet Byron had united in her face, the most enchanting beauty, grace, and expression; she had a heart equally pure and open, and a noble mind, legible in her lovely and expressive countenance. This lady lived at Selby-house, in Northamptonshire, and was the delight, the pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who either saw or conversed with her. She was brought to London by her aunt Reeves, who had paid a visit to her relations; and here, as well as in the country, had several admirers, among whom was Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, a gay, proud, and conceited fop, with a handsome person, and an estate of 8000

l. a year. The Baronet had been accidentally in her company when she enlivened the conversation with the most agreeable sallies of wit; and afterwards, waiting upon her at Mrs. Reeves's, made an open declaration of his passion in the presence of her uncle and aunt; on which Miss Harriet frankly told him, she thanked him for his good opinion, but could not encourage his addresses. He appeared amazed at this declaration, and repeating, *cannot encourage my addresses!* said, he had been assured her affections were not engaged; but that surely it must be a mistake. She desired to know if it was a necessary consequence, that the woman must be engaged, who could not receive the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen? Why, madam, as to that, said he, I don't know what to say, — but to a man of my fortune, and I hope not absolutely disagreeable, either in person or temper, — of some rank in life. — What, madam, if you are as much in earnest as you pretend, can be your objection? We can't, said she, all like the same person. Women are said to be very capricious, and, perhaps I am so. But there is a something, we can't

always say what, that attracts or disgusts us. *Disgusts!* Madam, — *Disgusts!* Miss Byron, cried he. I hope in general, Sir, she returned; I dare say, nineteen women out of twenty would think themselves favoured by the addresses of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. You, Sir, may have more merit, perhaps, than the man I may happen to like better; but, pardon me, Sir, you don't hit my fancy. If pardon depends upon my breath, cried he, let me die if I do! — *Not hit your fancy*, madam, looking upon himself all round, *not hit your fancy*, madam! In short, the Baronet provoked at the thought of her rejecting so accomplished a person as himself, behaved with great insolence, charging her with pride, ingratitude, and cruelty, when Miss Byron, being unwilling to stay to be insulted, begged his excuse, and hastily withdrew.

Sir Hargrave soon after paid her another visit, and having apologized for his former behaviour, made vehement professions of love, offered to make her large settlements, and told her, that she should prescribe to him in every thing. To which she answered as before; but on his insisting upon knowing her reasons

reasons for refusing him, she frankly told him, it was with some reluctance that she owned her not having that opinion of his morals, that she must have of those of the man on whom she must build her hopes of present happiness, and on whose guidance entrust her future. Sir Hargrave stormed, repeating, *my morals, madam! You have no opinion of my morals, madam!* and then shewing several menacing airs, abruptly departed.

As this young lady had never before been in London, Lady Betty Williams, a near relation to Mr. Reeves, insisted on Miss Byron's accompanying her to a ball at the Opera-house, at the Hay-market; and providing her with a dress; and as she would take no denial, she with reluctance complied; Mr. Reeves was a Hermit, Mrs. Reeves a Nun, Lady Betty an Abbess, and Miss Byron an Arcadian Princess. She wore a white Paris net-cap, glittering with spangles, and enriched by a chaplet of artificial flowers, with a small white feather on the left side, and her hair hung down in natural ringlets, shading her neck. She had a kind of waistcoat of blue sattin, trimm'd with silver porint d'Espagne, the skirts edged with

silver fringe: This waistcoat was fastened close to her waist by silver clasps, with a small silver tassel at each; and all was set off with bugles and spangles. A scarf of white Persian silk was fastened to her shoulders, and flew loose behind. Her petticoat was of blue satin, trimmed and fringed like the waistcoat. She had bracelets on her arms, and a Venetian mask. Miss Byron took no pleasure in the place, or the shoals of fools that swarmed around her. The glitter of her dress, which attracted the eyes of the company, filled her with confusion, while their inspired and absurd behaviour, made her frequently despise both herself and them.

They stayed till about two in the morning, when Mr Reeves conducted her to her chair, and saw her in it, before he attended Lady Betty and his wife unto theirs; but observed, that neither the chair nor the chairmen were those that brought her; on which he asked the reason of it, and was told by her servant, who had been hired only a few days before, that the chairmen had been inveigled away to drink, and that after having waited two hours
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for them, he had hired a chair to supply their place.

The chair moved off with her servant, carrying his lighted flambeau before it. The chairmen had not gone a great way, when calling out, they stopped, and her servant asked her commands. Where am I, William? said she. Just at home, madam, he answered, and on her observing, that they must have come a round-about way, told her, they had done so on purpose to avoid the crowd of coaches and chairs. They then proceeded forwards; but soon after, in drawing the curtains, she found herself in the open fields, and presently after the lights put out; on which she pierced the air with her cries, till her strength was exhausted. She was at last taken out in fits, and, on recovering her senses, found herself on a bed with three women about her; one at her head holding a bottle to her nose, which was sore with hartshorn, and the room was filled with the strong smell of burnt feathers. Where am I? Who are you, madam, she cried. No harm is intended you, said the eldest of them; for you are to be made one of the happiest women upon earth. We

would not be concerned in a bad action. I hope not — I hope not, she returned. You seem to be a mother, these young gentlewomen I presume are your daughters. Save me from ruin, I beseech you, madam — Save me from ruin, as you would these your daughters. This must be the vile contrivance of Sir Hargrave Pollixfen. Is it not? Is it not? Tell me, I beg you to tell me.

Miss Byron then rising, sat on the side of the bed; when Sir Hargrave instantly entered. She screamed out, and he threw himself at her feet; but finding that the woman could hardly keep her out of a fit, retired. On her reviving, she begged and offered rewards to induce them to facilitate her escape, but she had scarce begun to speak before Sir Hargrave returned, and haughtily bad her not needlessly terrify herself, ordering the women to withdraw. As they went out, she rushed forward, and followed the foremost of the daughters into the parlour, and then sinking on her knees, clasped her arms about her, crying, O save me? Save me? Sir Hargrave following them, Miss Byron kneeled to him, crying if you have any compassion, let me
now,

now, I beseech you, Sir, experience your mercy. The women again walked out, and he answered, I have intreated you, madam, and on my knees too, to shew me mercy; but would you shew me none. Kneel if you will, the tables are now turned. Barbarous man! said she, rising from her knees; but her spirits immediately subsiding, she added, don't be cruel, Sir Hargrave, I beseech you, I never was cruel to any body. You know, I was civil to you. Yes, yes, and very determined, he replied. You called me no names, and I call you none. Sweet creature, added he, your very terror is beautiful! I can enjoy your terror, madam! Then offering to kiss her, she turned aside her head, on which he added, *I don't hit your fancy*, madam! *You don't like my morals*, madam! Are these, Sir Hargrave, said she, the means you take to convince me, that I ought to like them? Well, madam, he returned, you shall meet with the mercy in me you would not shew. Be mine, madam, I offer you my honest hand, consent to be Lady Pollexfen. — No punishment, I hope! or take the consequence. Take my life, Sir, said she, but my hand
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and my heart are my own. They never shall be separated. You can't fly me, madam, returned he; you are securely mine, and mine shall be still more securely. Don't provoke me, don't make me desperate. Then throwing his arms about her, she was terrified, and cried out, when instantly entered one of the daughters, crying, good Sir! — Pray, Sir! — Did not you say you would be honourable? The mother followed her in, saying, Sir! Sir! in my house — What a plague cried he, do you come in for; I thought you knew your own sex better, than to mind a woman's squalling. Dear blessed, blessed woman, cried the lady, frantic with mingled terror and joy, to find herself in better hands than she expected; protect me! save me! Indeed I have not deserved this treacherous treatment. Nay, dear lady, said the woman, if Sir Hargrave will make you his true and lawful wife, there can be no harm done surely. Then turning to him, she told him the gentleman was waiting.

At this instant entered a horrid looking clergyman; he was a tall big-boned, spay-footed man, in a shabby gown, a wig equally

ly shabby, with a huge red pimpled face, and a great red nose. He held a dog's-eared common-prayer book in his hand, opened at the page of matrimony. But paying little attention to his horrid visage, she pushed by Sir Hargrave, turning him half round, and making the woman of the house totter; then throwing herself at the clergyman's feet, good, dear reverend Sir! cried she, save a poor creature, basely tricked away from her friends. — Save me from violence! Don't give your aid to sanctify a base action! The man snuffed his answer, and opening his pouched mouth, the tobacco hung about his great yellow teeth; when taking her clasped hands, rise, madam! said he. Don't kneel to me. No harm is intended you. Who is that gentleman in the silver-laced cloaths? He is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, Sir, said she; a wicked, a very wicked man. O madam, returned he, a very honourable man! bowing to Sir Hargrave. Then asking her name, and she telling it to him, Sir Hargrave seized her hand, and the snuffling priest began. *Dearly beloved.* — The Lady was perfectly frantic, and crying, read no more! read no more! dashed the book out of his

his hand, adding, I beg your pardon, Sir; but you must read no further. I am basely betrayed. I can't, I won't be his. Proceed, proceed, Sir, said Sir Hargrave, taking her hand by force, virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. Again snuffed the minister, *Dearly beloved.* She stamped, crying, no dearly beloved's! while Sir Hargrave held her struggling hand, and the minister proceeded; *We are gathered together in the sight of God.* I adjure you, Sir, said she, by that God in whose sight you read we are gathered together, to proceed no farther. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, to stop all farther proceedings. Take my life, but my hand shall never be joined with yours. Proceed, Doctor, pray Doctor, proceed, said the vile Sir Hargrave. When the day dawns she'll be glad to own her marriage. Proceed at your peril, Sir, said she. If you are really a minister of God, don't proceed. Don't make me desperate. Then turning to the window, she added, madam, you are a mother, and have given me room to hope you are a good woman; look upon me as if I was one of those your daughters. — Could you see one of them

them

them treated thus? — Dear young women, turning to each, can you unconcernedly look on, and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! plead for me! If you are women, plead for me! — You have a soul to answer for. I can die; but never, never will be his! The young women wept, and the mother being moved, desired they might talk to the lady by themselves. This was granted, when, retiring into another room, they pleaded Sir Hargrave's great estate, his handsome person, his honourable love, and their being unable to save her from worse treatment. On the other hand, Miss Byron pleaded her invincible aversion, and contempt of riches, crying, how, not able! Is not this, ladies, your own house? Cannot you raise your neighbours? Before the week is out, I will order a thousand pounds to be paid into your hands. I pledge my honour for the payment — A thousand pounds, dear ladies! only to save me, and see me safe to my friends!

At this moment Sir Hargrave entered, and, with a malicious look, desired the young women

women to go to bed, and leave the perverse beauty to him. He called her cruel, and ungrateful, swearing, that if she would not permit him to exalt her into Lady Pollexfen, he would humble her. She would be greatly hurt indeed, cried he, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But I'll bring down her pride. What the devil am I to creep, beg, and entreat only for a wife! — But, madam, added he, with a sneer, perhaps, you'll be mine upon certain terms.

The mother and youngest daughter were then led by Sir Hargrave to the door, the eldest following them, while Miss Byron entreated them not to go; and when they did, made an attempt to follow them; but Sir Hargrave, in shutting them out, gave her a dreadful crush with the door, she being half in and half out; her nose gushed out with blood; her stomach was much pressed, and one of her arms bruised. She screamed, and he appeared frightened; but she instantly recovering herself, cried out, she hoped he had killed her; and throwing herself into a chair, repeated so, so, you have killed me. — Well, I hope you are now satisfied. I forgive you;

you; only leave me to my own sex. She was in violent pain, her head swam, her eyes failed her, and she fainted away. Sir Hargrave, filled with consternation, ran about the room calling upon God to have mercy upon him, and having let in the women, they lamented over her, and said she had death in her face. The Baronet in the midst of his horror, seized her bloody handkerchief, and saying it should not appear against him, stepped into the next room, and thrust it into the fire, by which was sitting the minister and his helper, over some burnt brandy. O Gentlemen, said he, nothing can be done to night. Take this, giving them money, the lady is in a fit, I wish you well home. They, however, proposed to sit in the chimney-corner till peep of day; but the women fearing she would not recover, one of them ran in, and declared she was dead, on which, calling for a dram, they snatched up their hats and sticks, and hurried away.

On Miss Byron's coming to herself, she found no body with her but the three women. She was in a cold sweat, and as there was no fire in the room, they conducted her into the

parlour, which the two men had left, and she being hardly able to stand, placed her in an elbow chair, and chafed her temples with hungary water. Soon after the mother and eldest daughter left her and went to Sir Hargrave, and the youngest being at length called out, the Baronet entered, took a chair, and set down by Miss Byron, who still felt a violent pain in her stomach and arm. At last the lady breaking silence, said, have you done well, Sir Hargrave, to commit such violence on one who never did nor thought to injure you? In what distraction have you involved my cousin Reeves! She stopped, and he continuing silent, she resumed, these seem to be honest people, and I hope you only design to terrify me. Your bringing me into no worse company, assures me that you meant better—— Devils all! interrupted he. She again stopped, but soon added, I forgive you, Sir, the pain you have given me. —— But as soon as day breaks, I'll get the woman to let my cousin Reeves—— up he started, crying, Miss Byron, you are a woman, a true woman, holding up his clenched hand. Then after a short pause, you are the most consummate hypocrite that ever

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I knew in my life. She was silent, and trembled. Damn'd fool! Ass! Blockhead! Woman's fool, I could curse myself for sending away the parson! But your hypocrisy, madam, shall be of no service to you. What I failed in here, shall be done elsewhere. She wept, but could not speak. Can't you go into fits again? cried he, with a sneering air. God deliver me, prayed she to herself, from this madman's hands. She then stood up, and the candle standing near the glass, saw herself in the habit, to which she had hitherto paid little attention. Pray, Sir Hargrave; said she, let me beg you to terrify me no farther. I will forgive what is past, and consider it as a proper punishment, for my consenting to be thus marked for a vain and foolish creature. Your abuse, Sir, allow me to say, is low and unmanly; but in the light of a punishment, I will confess I deserve it. Let my punishment end here, and I'll thank, and forgive you with all my heart. Your fate is determined, said he; and the servant maid giving him a capuchin, he repeated, your fate is determined, madam. — Here, put this on. — Now fall into fits again! — Put this on.

She begged, prayed, and would have kneeled to him, but in vain; the capuchin was put on, whether she would or no; and being afterwards muffled up in a man's cloak, in spite of all her prayers, struggles and resistance, he lifted her into a chariot and six, which came up to the door.

The chariot was attended by several men on horseback, among whom was her own servant, and Sir Hargrave stepping in, said to him, if you meet with impertinents, you know what to say; and on her screaming out, he upbraidingly cried, scream on, my dear, and barbarously mocked her, imitating the bleating of a sheep. Then rearing himself up, cried, with an air of triumph, now am I Lord of Miss Byron! At their first setting out she once or twice cried out for help, when pretending she would catch cold, he tied a handkerchief over her face and mouth; and muffling her up in the cloak, leaned against her with his whole weight, holding both her hands with one of his, while his other arm being thrown round her, kept her on her seat. On her calling out for help at the approach of passengers, she heard one of the
men

men represent Sir Hargrave as the best of husbands, and herself as the worst of wives. Thus every glimmering ray of hope vanished from the poor Lady's mind.

Sir Charles expecting Lord and Lady L —, who were returning from Scotland, had been at that nobleman's seat at Colnebrook, where he had left his sister Charlotte, to see every thing put in order against their arrival, and was coming to town in his chariot and six, when meeting Sir Hargrave's chariot, the coachmen seemed to dispute the way. Sir Hargrave looking out, to see what was the matter, Miss Byron pushed the handkerchief from her mouth and eyes, and cried out, help! help! for God's sake. Sir Charles ordered his coachman to stop, and Sir Hargrave damning his coachman, called out, drive on, when I bid you. The Lady again cried out for help, when Sir Charles ordered his servants on horse-back to stop the postillion of the other chariot, and bid Sir Hargrave's coachman proceed at his peril. Sir Hargrave, with dreadful execrations, continued calling out on the contrary side of the chariot to that Sir Charles was on. Upon which Sir Charles

alighting, walked round to the other side, and the Lady endeavouring to cry out, he observed Sir Hargrave struggle to put the handkerchief over her mouth, when she seeing the stranger, spread out both her hands, repeating, for God's sake! — Sir Hargrave Pollexfen by the arms, said Sir Charles. I am afraid you are engaged in a very bad affair. I am Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, and carrying away a fugitive wife. — Your own wife, Sir Hargrave? Yes, said he, swearing, and she was going to elope from me, at a damn'd masquerade. See, drawing aside the cloak, I detected her in the very dress! O no! no! no! said the Lady. Proceed, coachman, cried Sir Hargrave, and cursed and swore. Let me ask the Lady a question, Sir Hargrave? You are impertinent, Sir, said the villain, who the devil are you? Are you, madam, Lady Pollexfen? returned Sir Charles. O no! no! no! repeated she.

Instantly, two of Sir Charles's servants rode up to him, and a third held the head of the horse, on which the postillion sat. Three of Sir Hargrave's approached on their horses, but appeared afraid of coming too near. Have

an eye on those fellows, said Sir Charles, some base work is on foot. Then, addressing Sir Hargrave's coachman, who lashed his horses, he cried, firrah, proceed at your peril. While Sir Hargrave cursing and threatening him, ordered him to drive over all that opposed him. Sir Charles then turning to the Lady, said, madam, will you — O Sir, Sir, Sir, cried she, relieve me! help me for God's sake! I am in a villain's hands! Vilely tricked into a villain's hands! Help! help! for God's sake. Sir Hargrave then drew his sword, and called upon his servants to fire at all that dared to oppose his passage. My servants, said Sir Charles, have fire arms as well as yours, and will not dispute my orders. Don't provoke me to give the word. Will you, madam, put yourself into my protection? O yes, yes, Sir, said she, with all my heart?

At this instant Sir Charles opened the chariot door, when Sir Hargrave making a pass at him, cried, take that, scoundrel; but Sir Charles being aware of the thrust, put it by, though the sword raked his shoulder. His own sword was in his hand, but undrawn, and the chariot door remaining open, he seized

zed Sir Hargrave by the collar, before he could recover from the pass he had made; and with a jerk laid him under the hind wheel of the chariot. Then wrenching his sword from him, he snapped it, and threw away the two pieces. Sir Hargrave's mouth and face were instantly covered with blood, they being hurt by the pummel of Sir Charles's sword, and one of his legs, in his sprawling, getting between the spokes of the chariot wheel, Sir Charles charged his coachman not to stir for his master's sake.

Notwithstanding the disorder of Miss Byron's mind, she had disengaged herself from the man's cloak. Sir Charles was struck with her beauty, but still more with her terror. He then offered his hand, but instead of accepting it, she threw herself into his arms ready to faint, on which he carried her round Sir Hargrave's horses, and seating her in his own chariot, assured her that she was now in honourable hands, and that he would carry her to his sister, a young lady of virtue and honour; when, shutting the door, he entreated her to banish her fears; for he would attend her in a moment. Sir Hargrave's men
had

had fled, and Sir Charles's servants having pursued them a little way, were returning to support their master, when, bidding one of them tell Sir Hargrave his name, he stepped back to his chariot, where, through terror, she was sunk down to the bottom, and at his approach, could only say, save me! save me! Sir Charles lifted her on the seat, and giving her all the consolation possible, carried her to his sisters.

Miss Charlotte was so much surprized at her brother's unexpected return, and so affected at the disorder still visible in the Lady's countenance, that she at first gave little attention to her dress; and hearing Sir Charles, in a very tender manner, assure her of his and his sister's kindest protection, she stepped up to her, and saluting her, bid her thrice welcome to that house. Miss Byron, too much humbled by her distress, threw herself on her knees to Miss Charlotte, when Sir Charles and that lady, raising her to her seat, you see before you, Madam, said she, a strange creature, and looked at her dress; but I hope you will believe, I am an innocent one. Think not hardly, Sir, added she, holding up her

clasped hands, of her whom you have so generously delivered. Think not hardly of me, Madam, that vile, vile man — Sir Charles desired his sister to make it her first care to raise the spirits of injured beauty, and her next to take her directions, and inform her friends of her safety; observing, that such an admirable young lady could not be missed an hour without exciting the fears of all her friends. Then sending for an eminent physician, and repeating that she was in honourable hands, and that his sister would take pleasure in obliging her, took his leave.

The consternation of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves was exceeding great, on their coming home from the masquerade, and finding that Miss Byron was not there. They immediately sent to the lady Betty's, but she being unable to give them any information, every method they could think of was taken to discover the place to which she was carried, but without effect, till they received a letter from Miss Charlotte, which informed them that she had been cruelly treated, but was now in safe and honourable hands; and though she was very ill, she was better than she had been.

Mr.

Mr. Reeves instantly set out for Lord L's, taking with him a portmanteau filled with Miss Byron's cloaths, and there found his lovely cousin ill; but filled with gratitude for the favours she received from Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte.

As to Sir Hargrave, he was not only much bruised, but had still a greater mortification by his having three of his teeth struck out in his fall from the chariot, and his upper lip cut through, which he was obliged to have sewed up. He vowed revenge, and was no sooner recovered, than he sent Sir Charles a challenge. But though Sir Charles was perfectly skilled in the use of all the offensive weapons, he had resolved never to make use of them, except in his own defence. Sensible that duelling was contrary both to the laws of God and of society, he vindicated his right to guard his own life, and to spare himself the guilt of murder; yet he justified what he had done, boldly asserting to Sir Hargrave's face, that was he to find him again guilty of a notorious violation of the laws of humanity and justice, he would again exert himself
in

in attempting to save injured innocence from the effects of brutality.

Sir Charles and his sister were charmed with the conversation and engaging qualities of their amiable guest, and became so extremely fond of her, as to give her the title of sister; and on Lord and Lady L's arrival, after Miss Byron's return to Mr. Reeves's, they were conducted thither by Sir Charles and Miss Charlotte, that they might see and acknowledge their new relation. Miss Byron's heart was filled with gratitude to her generous deliverer; whose virtues were the subject of her admiration, and this gratitude soon ripened into love. The whole family seemed to be actuated by one soul: Sir Charles was the tender friend, as well as the affectionate brother; and both lord L. his lady and her sister, considered him not only as their brother, but as their better father, glorying in their relation to him as their highest honour. Upon every new occasion that called forth his virtues, he was the subject of their praise; and as Miss Byron frequently resided for several days together at Lord L's seat, she was informed of all the circumstances of his life which had come to their knowledge.

CHAP.

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C H A P. IX.

Sir Charles's generous behaviour to Mr. Danby's Nephews and Niece.

MISS Byron, in one of her visits to lord L's, was enjoying with the ladies of Sir Charles's family, all the delights that arise from an unreserved sympathy of soul, when their brother suddenly set out for Canterbury without telling them the reason of his journey. They at first supposed, he was carried thither by love, and Miss Byron suffered some inquietude on that supposition; but they were soon informed of the following particulars: Mr. Danby the French merchant, whose life Sir Charles had saved, when in France, being ill, was desirous of dying in his native country, and accordingly landed at Dover; but being able to proceed no farther in his way to town than to Canterbury, sent for Sir Charles, and dying there, his body was afterwards brought to London. He had two nephews and a niece, who owed their education to him; to each of whom he had also given a thousand pounds to put the young men out apprentices to merchants.

chants of credit, and enable them to make a reputable appearance; and had given them hopes that at his death, he would leave each of them three thousand pounds more; but on the attempt made upon his life by the villains employed by their father, of which they were, however, innocent, he left the bulk of his fortune to Sir Charles, making him executor, and residuary legatee, after bequeathing two thousand pounds to each of the three; making some generous remembrances of three of his friends in France, and desiring his executor to dispose of three thousand to charitable uses, either in France or England, and to what objects he pleased. Had Sir Charles strictly executed this will, he would have been a considerable gainer, as Mr. Danby's effects amounted to upwards of 30,000 l. : But though he was a little offended that neither Mr. Danby's nephews nor his niece attended the funeral, to which he had invited them, nor were present at the opening of the will, though he had sent for them for that purpose, he was resolved to make up the defects occasioned by Mr Danby's extending his resentment to the innocent, and his having too deep a sense of gratitude for
Sir

Sir Charles's having saved his life. Sir Charles, therefore, desired Mr. Sylvester, their attorney, who came to excuse their attendance, to advise the young people to recollect themselves, as he was disposed to be kind to them, and wished they would place such confidence in him as to give him a particular account of their views and prospects.

This attorney, who was a man of character, was highly pleased with Sir Charles, and about two hours after he left him, sent him a note in the names of all his clients, expressing their gratitude, and their desire to be allowed the honour of waiting on him that afternoon; on which Sir Charles invited the honest attorney and his three clients to sup with him. Sir Charles, at the first moment dissipated all their uneasiness, and they sat down together with confidence in each other. After their informing him of their different prospects, he, without keeping them in suspense, asked what had been their expectations from their uncle, and their prospects; and they having given him an account of their views and designs, he told Mr. Thomas Danby the eldest, that besides his legacy, he might reckon

reckon upon 5000 l. and accordingly enter into treaty with his master for marrying his niece, and have a share in the business. He commissioned Mr. Edward Danby, on the strength of the like additional sum, to treat about entering into partnership with the gentleman he had served. And you, my good Miss Danby, said he, shall acquaint your favoured admirer, the merchant's son, that besides the two thousand pounds already yours, you'll have five thousand pounds more at his service. And if these sums don't answer your full purpose, I expect you'll let me know. I never will be a richer man than I ought to be; and you must inform me what other relations you have, and of their different situations in life, that I may amend a will made in a long and painful sickness, that might sour a disposition naturally benevolent. They wept, looked at each other, wiped their eyes, and wept again. When Sir Charles, thinkinge his presence painful to them, withdrew to his study. But soon returning, do you — do you, cried each brother to the other; When Mr. Thomas Danby rising to speak, Sir Charles told them he saw their gratitude in their coun-

countenances. Do you think, added he, my pleasure is not at least equal to yours? I am sufficiently rewarded in the consciousness of having endeavoured to make a right use of the power entrusted to me. You will each of you, I hope, with this capital, be eminent in his particular business. If I have obliged you, let me recommend each of you, according to your abilities, and as opportunity may offer, to raise those worthy hearts that are rendered spiritless by their calamities. Consider what is done for you, not as the reward of any particular merits in yourselves, but as to that providence, which has made it a principal part of your religion to do good; and let me enjoin you in all your transactions, to remember mercy as well as justice. The brothers declared that his example had opened their hearts, which they hoped would never be shut. The sister looked the same declaration, and Mr. Sylvester, raised with this scene, said, with tears in his eyes, that after so noble an example, he should be impatient till he had looked into his affairs, in order to qualify himself to do some little good. Sir Charles, at parting, told the nephews, that he ex-

pested to hear from them; and whether their masters and they agreed or not, he would take the speediest method of putting them in possession of what they were intitled to, as well by his province, as by their uncle's will. Their sister wept, and when Sir Charles pressed her hand at taking leave of her, gratefully returned the pressure; but in a manner so modest as shewed that gratitude had possession of her whole heart, and set her above the forms of her sex.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Miss Byron acknowledges to Sir Charles's Sisters her Love for their Brother. Sir Charles lets her know his perplexed Situation with regard to Clementina, who is greatly disordered in her mind, and he being influenced by a Letter from Jeronymo, again sets out for Italy, with the advice of Physicians in writing, and attended by a Surgeon.

MISS Byron was charmed with such instances of disinterested goodness in her deliverer; and Sir Charles's sisters, by whom she was tenderly beloved, observing the pleasure with which she listened to every thing they said of him, and the delight she took in his conversation, prevailed on her to confess the impression he had made on her heart; letting her know, that they wished to acknowledge her as their real sister, generously offered their assistance, in order to discover the situation of their brother's mind. They knew that he had a high esteem for Miss Byron, but could not be certain that he was not under engagements to some foreign beauty. They

therefore applied for information to the worthy Doctor Bartlett, who was now Sir Charles's chaplain, and was well acquainted with every circumstance of his life. But this gentleman referred them to their brother; on which they took the first opportunity, to ask him whether he had any thought of marriage, and if his heart was in the possession of any foreign lady. To this he only answered, that he was in a very difficult situation, and far from being happy. But a few days after, taking Miss Byron into Lord L —'s study, he gave her the history of the noble Clementina and his friend Jeronymo, referring her, for farther particulars, to his letters to Doctor Bartlett. She was extremely moved by the affecting story, admired and pitied the lovely Italian, and every hope of happiness by an union with him, being now vanished, resolved to use her utmost endeavours to conquer her passion.

Sir Charles, some days after, paid a visit to Miss Byron at her uncle Reeves's, where being left alone with her, he, with a solemn air, thus addressed her: The last time I had the honour of being alone with my good Miss Byron, I told her a very tender tale, which must

must raise in such a heart as hers, a generous compassion for the noblest lady on the continent. The story did, indeed, affect you; and I am sure you must have suffered still more from the same compassionate goodness on the communications made you by Dr. Bartlett. May I be allowed, madam, to add a few particulars on the same subject, for I am desirous to acquaint you, rather than any woman in the world, with all I know myself of this melancholy affair. Miss Byron, with trembling hesitation, answered, that the story was, indeed, a most affecting one, and that he would do her honour in acquainting her with further particulars. Sir Charles then told her, that Clementina's brother the bishop, had written to entreat, that he would once more visit Bologna, though the general was against his coming. He offered to meet him where he pleased, and to conduct him to Bologna, where his presence would rejoice every heart. He likewise shewed her a letter from Mrs Beaumont, which informed him of many affecting particulars. The noble, yet unhappy Clementina had been hurried from place to place, with the expectation of seeing him,

and had afterwards been put into the hands of the Lady Sforza, and her daughter Laurana, who, from interested motives, and envy of her superior qualities, had treated her with the utmost cruelty. Miss Byron wept at reading the affecting particulars of those inhumanities, which had broken the spirit of the excellent Lady, while Sir Charles cried out, how insupportable would have been my reflexions, did my conscience tell me that I had been the wilful cause of the noble Clementina's calamities! He also shewed her a letter from Seignior Jeronymo, which informed him that his life was a burden to him, and that he did not think himself in skilful hands, wishing that Sir Charles and himself, had been of one country, since the greatest felicity he could now enjoy, would be to resign up his life to the great author of it, in the arms of his dearest friend.

At this instant Mr. Reeves entering the room, Miss Byron walked to the window, and strove to recollect herself. That gentleman soon after withdrew, when Sir Charles coming up to her, my heart bleeds, Sir, said she, for the distresses of your Clementina: I
admire,

admire, beyond expression, the greatness of her behaviour, and most sincerely do I lament her distresses. But what is there in the power of man that Sir Charles Grandison cannot do? You, Sir, have honoured me with the title of sister, and in the tenderness of that relation, permit me to say, that I dread the effects of the general's petulance: I feel for you the pain it must give your humane heart to be once more personally present to the woes of the inimitable Lady: But, I am sure, you did not hesitate a moment about leaving all your friends here, and resolving to haste over, to try at least what can be done for the noble sufferer. Sir Charles leading her to her seat, and taking his by her, answered, ever since I had the honour of knowing Miss Byron, I have considered her as one of the most excellent of women. My heart demands an alliance with her's, though I am in so perplexed a situation, that I scarcely dare trust myself to speak the subject. From the first, I called Miss Byron my sister; but she is even more to me than the dearest sister; and whatever may be the accidents of either side to bar a farther wish, I aspire to hold a more tender

friendship with her; and this, I hope, she will not deny me, so long as it shall be consistent with her other attachments. He paused, and she made an effort to speak, but could not utter a word. He then told her, that he had wrote to the bishop, that he would most chearfully comply with his wishes, and that as Jeronymo expressed himself dissatisfied with his surgeons, he only waited for a very skilful one, who was settling his affairs, in order to go with him. Then, inviting Miss Byron to dine with him the next day, he took his leave.

Sir Charles having settled some important affairs, particularly the marriage of his sister Charlotte to Lord G — and obtained the opinion of several eminent physicians in writing, on Lady Clementina's case, he set out for Italy, by the way of France, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, a skilful surgeon.

C H A P. XI.

Sir Charles rescues Sir Hargrave Pollexfen from the farther Resentment of the Persons whom he had injured. The Reception he meets with from the Noble Family at Bologna, who consent to his marrying the unhappy Clementina on his own Terms; but when he thinks his Happiness secure, she, from a scruple of Conscience, rejects him, and entreats him to marry another Lady. The distressful scenes which followed.

IN his journey to Paris, he was stopped by one of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen's servants, who gave him a dismal account that his master and another gentleman had been attacked by several men, who were at that time murdering them behind a hill at a small distance. Sir Charles leaping out of the post-chaise, desired Mr. Lowther's servant to dismount, and getting on his horse, galloped away with his three servants towards the place. His ears were soon pierced with the poor wretches cries, and he beheld two men on horseback, holding the horses of four others, who had

two gentlemen under them, struggling, groaning, and crying for mercy. Sir Charles, who was a good way a-head of his servants, called to them to spare the gentlemen, and galloping towards the prostrate sufferers, two of the four quitted them, and mounting, joined the two other horsemen, advancing to meet him, with a shew of supporting the two men on foot, who continued laying on the wretches unmercifully with the butt-end of their whips. The four men on horse-back demanded a conference, with their pistols in their hands, as Sir Charles also had his, advising him not to provoke his fate by his rashness, and declaring that he was a dead man if he fired. Sir Charles bid them forbear all further violence to the gentlemen, and then he would hear what they had to say. He then put his pistol into his holster, and one of his servants coming up, and the two others being at hand, he called out to them not to fire till they had his orders; and giving him his horses reins, leaped down, drew his sword, and advanced towards the two men who were so cruelly exercising their whips; but on his approach, they drew their hangers, and retired to a little distance. The
four

four men on horseback-joining the two on foot, just as they were quitting the object of their fury, one of them said, forbear, brother, for the present, any farther violence; the gentleman shall be told the cause. Murder, Sir, said, he is not intended, nor are we robbers. Those you are sollicitous to save, are villains. At this instant Sir Charles raised first one groaning man, and then the other. Their heads were covered with blood, and they were so bruised, that they could not extend their arms to reach their wigs and hats which lay near them. By this time the men on foot had mounted their horses, and all six stood on their defence; but one of them was so furious, that two of the others could scarce restrain him, he crying that his vengeance should be still more complete. At this instant came up Mr. Lowther and his servant in the chaise, each with a pistol in his hand; and he having, at Sir Charles's desire, examined their wounds, declared that there was no apparent danger of death. On which Sir Charles observed, that as they had neither attempted to fly, nor been guilty of violence to himself, his friend or servants, he was afraid they had reason to think

think themselves ill used by the gentlemen. You, Sir, cried one of them, seem to be a man of honour and temper; we are men of honour as well as you. Our design was not to kill the miscreants, as we told you, but to give them reason to remember their villainy as long as they lived, and to put it out of their power ever to be guilty of the like. They have made a vile attempt on a lady's honour at Abbeville, and finding themselves detected, have endeavoured, by round-about ways, to escape the vengeance of her friends. That gentleman has reason for being enraged, since he is the lady's husband; that and that are her brothers. The villains have not yet been punished as they deserve; but let them ask on their knees this gentleman's pardon, pointing to the husband, and promise never more to come within two leagues of Abbeville, and we will leave them in your protection. Sir Charles then turning towards Sir Hargrave and his companion, said, gentlemen, if you have done wrong, you ought not to scruple asking pardon; but if you know yourselves to be innocent, though I would be loth to risque the lives of my friend and servants,
my

my countrymen shall not make so undue a submission. The wretches instantly kneeled; and the others civilly saluting Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther, rode off, to the great joy of the two delinquents, who again kneeled to their deliverers, pouring forth blessings on the man whose life one of them had so lately fought, and in whose preservation he had such reason to rejoice. Sir Hargrave's post-chaise, now coming up, he and his companion, were, with difficulty, lifted into it, while Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther went into theirs, and being only at a small distance from Paris, they proceeded to that city in company.

Sir Charles was met at Parma by the Bishop and father Marescotti, where he found them at the palace of the Count of Belvedere. They all expressed great joy at seeing him; but told him, on his enquiring after the Barone Jeronimo, that he was alive, and that was all; however, the sight of his friend would be a cordial to his heart. As to Clementina, her bodily health was greatly impaired, and they had little hopes of the recovery of her mind. They both regretted that she had been denied the requested interview at his departure,
and

and were convinced, that if it had been granted, and she had been left to Mrs. Beaumont's friendly care, they might have expected a happy issue. The next day they set out for Bologna, and the Count of Belvedere accompanying them about half way, found an opportunity to mention to Sir Charles his unabated passion for Clementina, and that he had lately made offers to marry her, notwithstanding the disorder of her mind, since he flattered himself that her cure was not impossible.

Sir Charles, on his arrival at Bologna, hastened to the Barone, who, the moment he saw him, cried, do I once more behold my friend, my Grandison? Let me embrace my dearest friend. Now, now, I have lived long enough; and bowing his head on his pillow, his countenance shone with pleasure, in spite of his pain. The bishop then led him to the Marquiss and Marchioness, when his reception from the former was kind, but from that of his lady, it was that of a mother to a long absent child. She told him, she had ever esteemed him her fourth son, and now he had brought over with him a surgeon of experience, and advice, in writing,

ing, of eminent physicians of his country, the obligations he had laid on their whole family, were too great ever to be returned. They received Mr. Lowther with great politeness, and recommended their Jeronymo to his best skill. His two surgeons were sent for, and Sir Charles having given them Mr. Lowther's character, presented him to them, and they informed him of their method of proceeding. The same evening Mr. Lowther assisted at the dressings, and in so easy and gentle a manner suggested an alteration, that the gentlemen came readily into it. The family were now delighted with Mr. Lowther, and flattered themselves with the hopes of the Barone's recovery.

When Sir Charles had been a few days at Bologna, the Lady Clementina was brought thither by the General and his Lady, to whom he had lately been married. The General could never bear the thought that Sir Charles, an English protestant, should be thought of such consequence to his sister's happiness; Hence he had always been his enemy; he therefore now expressed himself with coldness on his coming over, and treated him with
con-

contempt. This behaviour Sir Charles resented, and with a noble superiority of behaviour obliged him to banish his unjust suspicions, and at length to grant him his esteem. The Lady Clementina seemed the picture of silent woe; she neither knew nor paid the least attention to her mother, of whom she had never before been unmindful; hence it was resolved to revive her attention, by introducing her in a full assembly, in which Sir Charles was present. Being before told that he was arrived, she entered, leaving only Camilla, her woman, with her servant Laura attending. Her motion was slow and solemn; her robes were black and flowing; her dejected face was half covered by a veil of black gauze, and her eyes were cast on the ground. Sir Charles arose from his seat, sat down, and rose again irresolute, not knowing what he did, or what to do. She approached the table, round which the company sat, but with her eyes cast down, and more than half closed; she then turned towards the window. Here, here, madam, said Camilla, leading her to a chair that had been placed for her between the Marchioness and the General's Lady. She sat

sat down. Her mother wept, as did also the General's Lady; and her father fobbing, turned his head aside. Her mother then took her hand, saying, my love, look around you; but she took no notice. The General, grieved and impatient, arose; stepped to her; and hanging over her shoulder, cried, my dearest sister, look upon us, all. See your father, mother, sister, and every body in tears. If you love us, smile upon us; when lifting up her eyes to him, she tried to smile; but such a solemnity had taken possession of her features, that her smile appeared the smile of woe. The Marquis rising from his seat, with his handkerchief at his eyes, cried, sweet creature! never, never let me see again such a smile as that. It is here, added he, laying his hand on his bosom. Obliging sister, said the General; see father Marefcotti is in tears, (he sat by Sir Charles) pity his grey hairs! She cast her eyes that way, and saw Sir Charles greatly affected. She started. She looked again; again started, reddening and turning pale by turns. She rose, then threw her arms about Camilla who stood by her, crying, O Camilla! then gave way to a violent burst of tears. Sir Charles

was springing to her, and before them all, would have clasped her in his arms, but the General stopping him, said, dear Grandison, keep your seat. If Clementina remembers her English tutor, she will once more welcome you to Bologna. O Camilla, said she, faithful good Camilla! now at last you have told me the truth! It is, it is he, hiding her face in Camilla's bosom. She then, supported by the Marchioness and the General's Lady, turned towards the door; but Sir Charles coming up to her, she stopped, and saying, Ah Chevalier! reclined her head on her mother's bosom, seeming ready to faint. He took her hand, and kneeling, pressed it to his lips, crying, forgive me, ladies, forgive me, Lady Clementina! His soul overflowing with tenderness, he could say no more; he therefore rose. She moved on to the door, and there turned her head, straining to look at him till she was out of the room, Sir Charles standing like a statue.

After this, many tender interviews passed between Sir Charles and Clementina. The whole family repeatedly used the most earnest persuasions to induce Sir Charles to change his

his religion; but these proving ineffectual, they consented to give him Clementina on the conditions he himself had proposed: The daughters were, therefore, to be considered as Italians, they were to be educated in Italy, and to enjoy the great estate given to Clementina by her two grandfathers, on condition of her marrying; while the sons, as being protestants, were to be educated in England, and provided for by their father. Meanwhile, Sir Charles's joy was damped by the grief of the Count of Belvedere, who arriving at Bologna, paid him several visits; and being weary of life, strove, but in vain, to prevail on Sir Charles to meet him without the city gates, protesting that while he had life, Clementina should not be his.

The whole family having consented to Sir Charles's union with Clementina, and the marriage articles being settled, it was imagined she would have received his hand with transport: But now a sudden thoughtfulness took possession of her mind, and she spent a considerable time in writing. On Sir Charles's being introduced to her, she received him with tears, sighs, and trembling hesitation;

and having put a paper into his hand, cried, leave me, leave me; then retiring to her closet, shut the door, and fell on her knees; when, Sir Charles, to avoid hearing sighs which pierced his heart, walked into the next room, where he found her mother and Camilla, who instantly went to her. When opening the paper, he was astonished at finding that it contained the most earnest persuasions, to banish all thoughts of being united to her by marriage, urged with all the tenderness of mind influenced by pity, and overflowing with love and gratitude; the substance of which is as follows:

O thou, whom my heart loveth; my tutor, my brother, my friend! seek me not to marriage. Thy soul was ever most dear to Clementina; whenever I meditated the gracefulness of thy person, I restrained my eye, I checked my fancy, by meditating on the superior graces of thy mind. And is not that soul, thought I, to be saved? Dear obstinate and perverse! And shall I bind my soul to a soul allied to perdition? — O thou most amiable of men! how can I be sure that were I thine, thou wouldst not draw me after thee, by thy love,

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by thy sweetness of manners, by thy condescending goodness? I who once thought a heretic the worst of beings, have been already lead by the amiableness of thy piety, by the universality of thy charity, to think more favourably of all heretics for thy sake? Of what force could be the advice of the most pious confessor, were thy condescending goodness and sweet persuasion to be exerted, to melt a heart wholly thine? O thou, whom my soul loveth, seek not to entangle me by thy love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would mislead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: For, canst thou, can I be indifferent in these high matters? Hast thou not shewn me that thou canst not? And shall I not be instructed by thine example? Shall a wrong religion have a force and efficacy upon thee, which a right one cannot have upon me? O thou most amiable of men! seek not to entangle me by thy love! But dost thou indeed love me, or is it owing to thy generosity, thy nobleness, thy compassion for a creature, who, aiming to be great, like thee, could not sustain the effort? I know thou lovest Clementina: It is her

pride to think thou dost. But she is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own that thou lovest her soul, her immortal soul, and her future peace. In that wilt thou shew thy love, as she has endeavoured to shew hers. Thou art all magnanimity; thou canst sustain the effort to which she was unequal. Make some other woman happy, but let it not be an Italian.

O thou whom my soul loveth, let me try the greatness of thy love, and the greatness of thy soul, by thy endeavours to strengthen, and not to impair a resolution, which after all, it will be in thy power, to make me break or keep! But my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And shall I not endeavour to make the close of it happy?

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for his goodness to two of your children? These obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not his magnanimity? Divine almost divine Philanthropist, canst thou forgive me? I know thou canst. Thou hast the same notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the dura-

duration of that to come! If I have the courage, the resolution to shew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conquest of myself; and do not put me upon taking advantage of the generosity of my honoured friends. — Yet after all, it must be, let me own, in thy choice; for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to such exalted merit, to add what name thou pleasest to that of Clementina.

At reading this paper, Sir Charles was amazed, confounded, and filled with admiration at the angelic soul of this lady. He threw himself on a couch, without thinking of Camilla, who sat in the window. Clementina rang, Camilla hastened to her. He started as she passed him, and arose; but on her return, she roused him from the stupefaction with which he was seized. O Sir, cried she, my poor lady fears your anger; she fears, yet hopes to see you. Haste, haste, and save her from fainting. He ran in. The admirable lady met him half way, and throwing herself at his feet, said, forgive, forgive the creature that must be miserable, if she has offended you. He attempted to raise her, but she

cried, she would not rise till he had forgiven her. He then kneeled to her as she kneeled, and clasping her in his arms, cried, forgive you, Madam! O inimitable woman! Can you forgive me for having presumed, and for still presuming to hope to call such an angel mine! Being ready to faint, she threw her arms about Sir Charles, to support herself. Camilla held her salts to her nose, and she again repeated, am I, am I forgiven? Say that I am. Forgive you, Madam! he returned, you have done nothing that wants forgiveness! I admire your greatness of mind. What you wish, bid me be, and that I will be. Rise most excellent of human creatures! Sir Charles, then raising her, led her to a chair, and involuntarily kneeled on one knee with both her hands in his, and looked up to her with eyes filled with love and reverence. Camilla had hastened to the Marchioness, crying, O Madam! such a scene! hasten up, hasten up. They will faint in one another's arms. The Marchioness ran after Camilla, and found him thus kneeling. Dear Chevalier, cried she, for the sake of my child's head restrain your grateful rapture! O Madam, said Sir Charles, rising
and

and taking one of her hands, glory in your daughter: You always loved and admired her; you will now glory in her, she is an angel. Permit me, Madam, added he, looking at Clementina, to present this paper to the Marchioness. He then gave it her, saying, read it, Madam, let your Lord, let the Bishop, let father Mariscotti read it. — But read it with compassion for me, and then direct me what to say, what to do! I resign myself entirely to your direction and theirs; and to yours, my dear lady Clementina. You say you forgive me, Chevalier, said she: Now I shall forgive myself. God's goodness and yours will, I hope, perfectly restore me. O Chevalier, love my mind, as yours was ever the object of my love.

Every person in the family were astonished at this unexpected turn; the Barone pitied his friend, telling him that he could not bear to see a mind like his, subject to the petulance of a brain-sick girl; But none of them imagined she would be able to keep her resolution; and to encourage Sir Charles, they reminded him, that she had entirely put herself in his power, by writing that he might add what name he

pleased to that of Clementina. Sir Charles, however, perceived, that her conscience was concerned, and notwithstanding his passion, he told them, he could not resolve to persuade her to violate it. Dear Grandison, said the Bishop, taking his hand, how I admire you! But can you be so great? Shall I not, my lord, he returned, emulate such an example set by a woman? I came over without any interested views. I indeed, considered myself as bound by the conditions to which I had formerly agreed; but the lady Clementina and your family, as free. If she persists in her present resolution, I will endeavour to acquiesce.

A few days after, the Marchioness in Clementina's name, begged of Sir Charles, that he would accept of her, on the conditions they themselves had proposed, and that he would change his religion. Father Mare-scotti, seconding the motions, would have entreated him on his knees. O Chevalier, said the Bishop, how happy is it in your power to make us all! You will not, I hope, dear Grandison, said the Marquis, refuse my daughter. Ask any conditions of us. She shall

shall be with you in England in a month's time. We will accompany her thither; and stay till you shall chuse to return with us. Jeronymo, sobbing, caught his hand, crying, for God's sake, for my sake, for all our sakes, for your soul's sake, my Grandison, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you brother. If my tears, if my prayers have weight, said the Marchioness, let me call down my child, and she shall give you her hand in our presence. She thinks, besides her regard for your soul, that she ought to insist upon the terms on which we would have consented to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wishes. Dearest Grandison! rejoined the Bishop, refuse not my sister, refuse not the assenting Clementina.

They were all silent, with their eyes fixed upon Sir Charles, on which he replied, refuse lady Clementina, said you! How you wound my soul by the supposition! Lady Clementina's generous and condescending proposal, when I am willing to allow terms to her, that she will not to me, shews how important she thinks the difference between the two religions; and I have only to confess myself,

myself, that the power of refusal lies where it ought. Yet let me add, this company cannot think me too solemn — Were I to live always here, and were convinced that there is no life after this, your commands and Clementina's would be laws to me. But has she not the goodness to say in her paper, that I have the same notion as she of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come. It is hard, very hard, said the Bishop, for a man convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different persuasion, what he expects should be allowed for himself. You, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have such greatness of mind, as to judge favourable of those who cannot. I do love you, but fain would I love you more. The Marchioness wept. My dear love, said the Marquis, taking her hand, how many tears has this affair cost you! My heart bleeds to see you weep. The Chevalier is unworthy of our child, unworthy of the terms we offered him; unworthy of our joint entreaties — He is an invincible man.

Sir Charles being greatly affected, withdrew; but having taken two or three turns in the

the saloon, returned; on which the Marquis coming to him, cry'd, I am sorry — Not one word of apology, my lord, said Sir Charles, interrupting him: I did not withdraw from resentment, but purely from concern, that in your opinion I did not deserve the honour done me by one so dear to you. Think me unhappy, my lord, and pity me. Principle, not perverseness, influences me; it does every one present, it does the lady above, and shall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the same motive? At this the Bishop threw his arms about Sir Charles, crying, generous expansion of heart!

Sir Charles now finding that Clementina stedfastly persisted in her resolution, desired they would allow him to make one effort to convince her, that she might be happy with him; by endeavouring to remove her scruples with respect to his inviolable honour, and his allowing her the free exercise of her religion. To this they at length consented, and she desiring to see him, he earnestly pleaded his having agreed to allow her, her chapel, her confessor, and her own servants. He alledged that he might prevail on her father and mother

to give them the pleasure of their company in their first journey to England; and that the Barone would likewise go with them, and might obtain great benefit from the use of the restorative baths of his country. He expatiated on the pleasure she would receive from the affection of his sisters and their lords, who would accompany her in her journeys to Italy; and on the delight with which she would every other year visit and revisit England and her native country. How dear, cried he, will you be in turn, to your old friends and to your new! — My dearest Clementina! let me hear you say, that you think you can be happy, and yet bless me with your love. O how, said she, shall I guard myself against a voice that is the voice of love! — If I attempt to argue, I am lost! — Does not this shew me, that, were I to be yours, I must be all you wish? And then my everlasting peace; My everlasting happiness! — O Chevalier! I doubt not your justice, your generosity: But I fear myself; — Seek not, let me repeat, seek not, kindest of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir, Charles fearing she would
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have fainted, clasped her in his arms, and she returned. Let me, let me cut short all I intended to say, by referring you to my paper, which cannot be answered to my satisfaction. Be my advocate to your own heart, and seek not, dearest of men, to entangle me with your love. Sir Charles then assured her, that whatever it cost him, he would yield to her pleasure, and never urge her again on that subject, except he was informed by the Bishop that she had changed her mind.

The agitations he had suffered were scarcely to be supported; and as he found his health affected, he thought it necessary, both, on the noble lady's account and his own, to wean himself by absence. He therefore visited several cities of Italy, and then returned to take his final leave of Bologna. The joy, and gratitude of the Marquis, his lady, and her son, on the recovered intellects of their incomparable daughter; the pleasing prospect of the recovery of Jeronymo, and their admiration and affection for a person to whom they were under such great obligation, made them at a loss how to return the favour he
had

had conferred upon them; and they entreated him to let them know what returns he would accept. On which he observed, that the highest favour he could possibly receive, would be the honour of a visit, the next spring, from that noble family; by which means, he made no doubt, but that his dear Jeronymo, would be perfectly recovered by the use of the English baths. They accepted this proposal with hearts filled with admiration, and Sir Charles, after taking an affecting leave of Clementina and Jeronymo, set out for England.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

*Miss Byron struggles to conquer her Passion;
but Sir Charles no sooner returns to Eng-
land, than he pays his Addressee to her.
Their Courtship and Marriage.*

DURING his stay in Italy, he had sent to Dr. Bartlett, a particular account of whatever passed in relation to the noble Clementina; and these letters were constantly sent by Sir Charles's sisters, to Miss Byron; who, notwithstanding her love for the writer, had the generosity to admire the lady, who, in a thousand instances, shewed the greatness of her mind, and the dignity of her sentiments. By some of these letters, Miss Byron was deprived of all hope of being united to her generous deliverer, who alone had ever made an impression on her heart; she however strove to acquiesce with cheerfulness in her lot, and to consider him only as a dear and invaluable friend, while she struggled to banish every idea of his being more nearly related to her; but these struggles with herself, had such an effect, that her health gradually declined.

On Sir Charles's arrival in his native country, he was received by his family and friends with the warmest testimonies of joy: But he was extremely alarmed at the news of Miss Byron's illness; he therefore took a journey into Northamptonshire, where that lady lived with her relations, and paid a visit to Mrs. Shirley, her grandmother, an elderly lady of a very amiable character; when, informing her of his situation with respect to Clementina, he asked, if it was consistent with her notions of delicacy to give her interest in his favour; adding, that if it was, and if Miss Byron would accept of a heart that had been thus unaccountably divided, they would lay him under an obligation that he could only endeavour to return by the utmost gratitude and affection; then desiring an answer in writing, he left upon the table several letters he had received from Jeronymo and Clementina, with his answers, that she might see that the affair was entirely finished between him and that lady, and then took his leave.

Immediately Mrs. Shirley sent for Miss Byron, Mr. and Mrs. Selby, with some other

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relations; and having informed them of the welcome news, they read the letters, which gave them entire satisfaction; on which the old lady wrote to Sir Charles, that they received as the highest honour the offer he had made of an alliance that would do credit to families of the first rank; and that it had been their most ardent wish, that the man who had rescued the dear creature, might be at liberty to entitle himself to her grateful love.

Sir Charles, on receiving this welcome letter, paid his addresses to Miss Byron. She at first received him with visible confusion, but was soon encouraged by his polite and tender behaviour. He shewed her another letter from Jeronymo, in which his dear friend urged him to set an example to Clementina, by entering into the marriage state, and informed him, that the noble lady wished for nothing more than to hear of his being happily married. You see, madam, added he, I am fully free, with regard to Clementina; free by her own choice. It was always Clementina's wish that I would marry, and only be careful that my choice should

not disgrace her regard for me; but when she has the pleasure of knowing the dear lady before me, if I am allowed that honour, she will confess that my choice has done the highest credit to the favour she honoured me with. He was silent, and seeming to expect an answer. The honour, said she, with much hesitation, of Sir Charles Grandison, no one ever did, or ever can doubt. I must own — I must confess. — Here she paused. What does my dear Miss Byron own? What confess? said he. Assure yourself, madam, of my honour, of my gratitude. Should you have doubts, speak them. This, Sir, said she, is my confession, the confession of a heart no less sincere than yours, that I am dazzled and confounded at the superior merits of the noble lady you still so justly esteem. I fear not, Sir, any more than she, your honour, your justice, your indulgent tenderness. Your character, your principles are full security to the woman who shall endeavour to deserve that indulgence. But so justly high do I think of the lady Clementina's conduct, that I fear it is impossible — What impossible? What does my dear Miss Byron fear

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is impossible? Thus kindly urged, returned she, why shall I not speak all that is in my mind? The poor Harriet Byron, when she contemplates the magnanimity of that excellent lady, fears, that with all her endeavours, she shall never be able to make the figure to herself that is necessary for her tranquillity. This, Sir, is all my fear. Generous, kind, noble Miss Byron, returned he, in a rapture; and is this all your fear? Then must the man before you be happy. Clementina has acted gloriously, preferring her religion and her country to all other consideration, and shall I not be doubly bound in gratitude to her sister excellence, who not having these trials, yet the most delicate of human minds, shews in my favour, a frankness of heart which sets her above little forms, and at the same time a generosity with regard to the merits of another lady, that has few examples? May my future life be attended with blessings, in proportion as this grateful heart shall acknowledge your goodness!

Miss Byron, having now before her the prospect of an union with a person entitled to her tenderest love, esteem and gratitude; a

happinefs which ſhe had not till this time, even dared to hope for, her heart was oppreſſed with the exceſs of her joy; and the view of the completion of her higheſt hopes filled her with apprehenſions. On Sir Charles's preſſing her to name the happy day, her generous concern for the diſtreſſes of the noble lady, made her deſire to wait till he had received a letter, in answer to one he had wrote, to inform her that he had paid his addreſſes to an Engliſh lady, who would do honour to his choice. At length this letter arrived, and in it, the generous Clementina, in the full-eſt terms, expreſſed her wiſhes that the Engliſh lady might make him as happy as ſhe herſelf would have endeavoured to have done, had not an inſurmountable obſtacle intervened; declaring that ſhe wiſhed for nothing with greater ardour than to hear of the celebration of their nuptials.

At laſt, the happy day was fixed. The relations of Miſs Byron choſe to have the ceremony performed in as public a manner as poſſible; and Sir Charles coming into their meaſures, that lady acquieſced, though ſhe could not, without great uneaſineſs, think
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of being exposed, on this solemn occasion, to the view of a number of spectators. Sir Charles invited his nearest relations, and those of Miss Byron were desirous of attending her. On the morning of the happy day, finding her apprehensions encrease, Mrs. Shirley, her excellent grandmother blessed, and encouraged her; and Sir Charles entreated, that in compliment to the best of parents, she would resume her usual presence of mind; else I, said he, who should glory in receiving the honour of your hand before a thousand witnesses, shall be sorry that I acquiesced so chearfully for a public celebration. This day, my dearest life, said he, we call upon the world to witness our mutual joy. Let us shew that world, that our hearts are one, and that the sacred ceremony cannot make it more so. The engagement is a holy one; and let us shew the multitude, as well as our surrounding friends, that we think it a laudable one. I call upon you, my dearest love, to justify my joy by your visible approbation. The world around you has been accustomed to see your lovers, shew them now the husband of your choice. O Sir! returned the lady, you have

given me a motive, which through the whole sacred transactions I will never lose sight of.

The ladies were all elegantly dressed; but Miss Byron was in virgin white. The procession to church consisted of eight coaches and four, and the way was lined with spectators. On their stopping at the church-yard, four tenants daughters, the eldest not above thirteen, unexpectedly appeared with neat baskets in their hands filled with flowers; and as soon as the bride, Mr. Selby, Sir Charles, and Mrs. Shirley alighted, these pretty little Floras, all dressed in white, with chaplets of flowers for head-dresses, large nosegays in their bosoms, white ribbons adorning their stays and their baskets, some streaming down, and others tied round the handles in true-lovers knots, attended the company; two going before, and the others here and there, all strewing flowers.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, Sir Charles with a joy that lighted up a finer flush than usual in his face, took the bride by the hand, and saluting her, said, in an audible voice, may God, my dearest life, be gracious to your Grandison, as he will be
good

good to his Harriet, now no longer Byron! She curtesied low, every one blessing her, and pronouncing her the loveliest of women, and him the politest and most graceful of men. Sir Charles now led her into the vestry, followed by the rest of their friends; and the moment she beheld her grandmother, she kneeling, cried, bless, madam, your happy, happy child. God for ever bless, said she, the darling of my heart! Sir Charles then, bending his knee to the venerable lady, said, receive and bless also your son. The good lady was affected; she slid off her seat on her knees, and lifting up her hands and eyes, while the tears trickled down her cheeks, cried, thou almighty bless the dear son of my wishes! He raised her with a pious tenderness, and saluted her. Excellent lady! said he; but was too much affected to say more; and having seated her, turned to Mrs. Selby. Words are poor, said he. My actions, my behaviour shall speak the grateful sense I have of your goodness, saluting her; of yours, madam, to Mrs. Shirley, and of yours, my dearest life, addressing himself again to his lovely bride, who seemed scarce able to

support her joy. Let me once more, added he, bless the hand that has blessed me! She cheerfully offered it. I give you, Sir, said she, my hand, curtesying, and with it a poor but grateful heart. — It is all your own. He bowed upon it, unable to speak. Joy, joy, joy, was wished the happy pair from every mouth. See, my dear young ladies, said the happy and instructive Mrs. Shirley, addressing herself to several who had entered the vestry, the reward of duty, virtue, and obedience! How unhappy must those parents and relations be, whose daughters, unlike our Harriet, have disgraced themselves and their families by a shameful choice! — As my Harriet's is, such, looking round her, be your lot, my amiable daughters! They each besought her hand, kissed it, and promised to cherish the memory of what they had seen and heard.

The moment the ceremony was concluded, the bells were set a ringing, and Sir Charles led his lovely bride through a lane of applauding spectators, in the church and church yard, flowers being still strewed as they passed by the little Floras. My sweet girls,

girls, said he, I desire you to compleat the honour you have done us by giving us your company at Selby-house. They came back in the same order they went, and on their assembling in the great hall, mutual congratulations flowed from every mouth: Every man saluted the happy bride, and the equally happy bridegroom saluted every lady. The bride could then look up and smile. The lady G — Sir Charles's sister, led her into a parlour, and holding her in her arms, now, my dear, said she, do I salute my real sister, my sister Grandison, both in Lady L —'s name, and my own: May God confirm and establish your happiness! my dearest, dearest Lady G — returned the bride, how grateful, how encouraging is your kind salutation! Your continued love, and that of my dear Lady L — will be essential to my happiness! But why, ladies, said Sir Charles, do you sequester yourselves from the company? Are we not all of a family to day? The four little Floras with their baskets in their hands are entering the gates: We will join the company, and call them in. They returned into the great hall, and the pretty Floras being

being introduced, Sir Charles taking each by the hand, said, my pretty loves, I wish I could present you with as pretty flowers as you threw away in honour of this company, putting five guineas into each basket; and then presented them, two in each hand, to his bride, who received them with the most graceful familiarity and ease.

Afterwards the children desiring to return to their parents, were conducted to them; but soon came back with a request from all the tenants, for whom an entertainment had been provided in the lesser park, that some time in the day, they might have the honour of seeing the bridegroom and bride among them, were it only for two minutes: But this the bride declining, Sir Charles promised to go and make her excuse.

In the afternoon Sir Charles went, agreeable to his promise, where the tenants and their wives all wished him joy; and as they would not sit down while he stood, he took his seat, and the rest followed his example. One of the honest men observed, that he remembered the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Byron, and praised them as the best and hap-

happiest of mankind. Another remembered the birth of the bride; and others talked of what an excellent lady she was from her infancy. And let me tell you, Sir, said a grey-headed man, that you will have much ado to deserve her. Sir Charles was highly pleased with his honest freedom; he apologized for his not bringing her with him; but told them that he hoped they should have one happy dinner together, before he left Northamptonshire; and then, with his usual affability, ease and politeness, took his leave. The happy day was concluded with a ball, which was opened by the bride and bridegroom, by the desire of the whole company.

Sir Charles wrote the very next day to inform his dear friend the Barone della Porretta of the actual celebration of his nuptials, and concluded with a caution, given in the warmest terms, against urging Clementina with too much earnestness, to marry. The same day, by Sir Charles's desire, the churchwardens brought a list of the poor, amounting to upwards of a hundred and forty persons, divided into two classes; the one of the acknowledged poor, the other of house-keepers

keepers and labouring people, who were ashamed to apply, but to whom the church-wardens knew his bounty would be acceptable. He gave very liberally; and in particular, about thirty of the last he gave very handsomely; and the church-wardens, who were men of great humanity, went away blessing him.

On the following Sunday, the relations of the bride and bridegroom, were all richly dressed. The bride, lovely in any dress, wore richer silks than usual, costly laces, and jewels that added grace to that admirable proportion, and those fine features to which no painter has ever been able to do justice. The bridegroom was principally admired for his native ease and dignity, and that inattention to his own appearance which shew the truly fine gentleman, accustomed to be always elegant. On his lady's coming to him and her friends, they involuntarily rose, as if to pay her homage; but Sir Charles approaching her with an air of unusual freedom, cried, how lovely! But what is even all this amazing loveliness to the graces of her mind? They every hour rise upon me. She hardly opens
her

her lips, but I find reason to bless God and you, my dear ladies, bowing to Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby; for God and you have given her goodness. — My dear life, allow me to say, that this person, which will be your first perfection in every stranger's eye, is but a second in mine. Teach me, Sir, said she, to deserve your love, by improving the mind you have the goodness to prefer, and then I shall be the happiest woman on earth. The church was extremely crowded, and the charming couple greatly admired. Sir Charles and his bride, however, did not forget that humble deportment due to the place, which seemed to render them absent for the time from that splendor which attracted every eye out of the pews in which the family were placed. The church, in the afternoon, was still more crowded. How was Sir Charles blessed by the poor, and people of low circumstances, for his well disposed bounty! Sir Charles and his bride, having received and returned the visits of the neighbouring gentry, and given the tenants their company at another entertainment provided for them; they set out for Grandison-hall, Sir Charles's prin-

principal seat; where, having again run the round of receiving and paying visits, they settled into that pleasing serenity, that constitutes the most perfect state of human happiness.

A considerable part of his time was now employed in improving his estate, in order to enable him to exercise his generous spirit. He became acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, enquiring into their circumstances, the number of their children, and their prospects. When they were distressed, he would forgive arrears of rent; or sending them on urgent occasions, a supply of money; and when they had no prospect of success, he gave them money to quit. At the tenants' desire, he transplanted one to a larger farm, and another to a less, according to their stock, or the probability of success. By these means, his tenants overcame every difficulty, and grew rich, while he himself reaped the benefit of his own generosity, by the ease and punctuality with which they paid their rents. On the other hand, he began to employ himself in reconciling the difference between his friends and tenants, and
fre-

frequently united those, who from any misunderstanding, became at variance; it being his settled opinion, that a day spent in restoring peace and harmony, let the objects be ever so mean, is more pleasing, upon reflection, than a day spent in the most elegant indulgence.

C H A P. XIII.

Clementina, who had escaped from her Friends, comes to England to avoid marrying the Count of Belvedere, and is protected by Sir Charles and his Lady. She is followed by her Relations and Friends, who were received by Sir Charles, and by his Management, every uneasiness is removed. The Conclusion.

WHILE Sir Charles was thus employed in the generous acts of humanity and friendship, a letter they received from the Barone della Porretta, filled him with deep concern. By this letter he learned that the Lady Clementina being strongly bent on taking the veil, had been pressed with such earnestness and incessant importunity to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, as had greatly disordered her brain; and that, to avoid that union, and put a stop to these importunate solicitations, she had fled from her friends, and with no other attendants than her page, an English youth, and her servant Laura, had embarked in a vessel bound for London; and that both
her

her father, mother, and himself, together with several other of her friends, being inconsolable for her loss, were following her; beseeching him to search for the fugitive Clementina, and to provide them lodgings against their arrival. It is no wonder that this news gave both Sir Charles and his lady great concern. They were then at Grandison-hall, and that lady being firmly convinced of the steadiness of his virtue, immediately persuaded him to give the unhappy Clementina his protection. Dear Sir, said she, consider me as a strengthener, not as a weakener of your hands, in her service. My only concern is for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion, and let me, by sympathizing with you, lessen it. Soul of my soul, cried he, clasping her to his bosom, I had not the least doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy lady, and to the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as to you, the absolute mistress of it, to think it necessary to make professions of my inviolable love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take on this occasion, and must have your advice as

I go along; for such delicate minds as yours and Clementina's, must be nearly allied.

Sir Charles immediately rode post to town, where he found a long letter from the fugitive lady, who, in unconnected ramblings, lamented the step she had taken; observing, that she was far from being happy; but wished for his advice and protection, though she did not dare to let him know where he might see her; yet at the same time informed him how he might direct a letter, so as to come to her hands. He strove, in his answer, to sooth her mind; offering to put her under his lady's or his sister's protection; and beseeching her to remove his anxiety, by giving him an immediate opportunity of seeing her. In another letter, she earnestly endeavoured to engage him to use his interest with her friends, to allow her the freedom of her choice, and prevent her being forced to marry the Count of Belvedere. All this he readily promised in his reply. And she allowed him to wait on her.

Sir Charles went, and was introduced by her servant Laura. On his entering the room, he immediately welcomed her to England.

land. Do you, can you, cried she, bid me welcome? Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful! — O Chevalier, don't debase your un sullied character, by approving the unnatural step I have taken. I do bid you welcome, madam, said he, your brother, your friend from his soul welcomes you to England. Let me know, Chevalier, before another word passes, returned she, whether I have a father? whether I have a mother? Thank God, madam, you have both, said he. God, I thank thee! cried she, lifting up her hands: Had I not, distraction would have been my portion! If they had been no more, I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides. They are in the utmost distress, rejoined he, for your safety; and will think themselves happy when they know that you are well, and in the possession of your brother Grandison. Will they, Sir, cried she, O how strange! They so cruel, yet so indulgent! — I so dutiful, yet a fugitive! But determined as I was against entering into a state I had too much honour to enter with a reluctant heart, could I have taken any other step to free myself from the cruelty of persuasion? Your conscience, ma-

dam, said he, is a law to you. If that accuses you, you'll repent: If it acquits you, who shall presume to condemn? Sir Charles, then strove to raise her spirits by expatiating on the kind reception she would meet with among his friends. She then remarked, that he forbore to mention the principal person among them, and asked what his lady would think of the poor fugitive Clementina? desiring him to assure her, that she would not have landed in England, if he had not been married; adding, that should she render him and his lady unhappy, no person on earth could hate her so much as she should hate herself. Sir Charles assured her, that her happiness was really assential to that of them both: That his Harriet was another Clementina, whom she must know and love, for she was prepared to receive her as the dearest of her sisters. Generous lady Grandison! said she, I have heard her character, and congratulate you, Sir, on your happiness. I should have been grieved had you not met with a lady worthy of you: But my being sensible of your happiness; and that you do not blame me for declining your addresses, will

will contribute more to my peace of mind than I can express. When I have more courage, and this poor heart is eased of that part of its trouble, you shall present me to her. In the mean time tell her, that I will love her; and that I shall ever think myself under the highest obligations for making him happy, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think, I could have made so. She here turned away her glowing face, bedewed with tears, while Sir Charles's admiration of her greatness of mind, so like that of his own Harriet, kept him silent; but he at last persuading her to accept of an apartment at Lady L ——'s, she consented to go thither the next day.

Sir Charles, and his sister came the next morning, and after an affecting interview, took her away in lord L's coach. All the ladies of Sir Charles's family strove who should most oblige the unhappy Clementina; and particularly his lady, who had all along admired her for her virtues, and noble magnanimity; and now treated her with the tender affection of a beloved sister. Clementina had not been long acquainted with the prin-

cipal persons of this happy family, when Sir Charles received a letter by an express from his dear friend the Barone, to let him know the Marquis and Marchioness, with several of their friends, were landed at Dover. Upon which he immediately set out with four coaches and six of his own and his friends, to accommodate them and their attendants, he having before fitted up his house in Grosvenor-square for their reception. He had not been long gone, when the Count of Belvedere, who impatiently longed to hear news of Clementina, arrived with one of his friends, and were received by lady Grandison with all possible marks of respect: she let them know that she was safe and in good hands; but no arguments could prevail on her to inform them where that lady was.

Sir Charles no sooner arrived at Dover, than he was received with inexpressible joy by the whole noble family; however, though he found them breathing nothing but reconciliation and love to their dear Clementina, he was determined to keep her concealed, till he was fully satisfied that her understanding could not be endangered by
her

her being teased to marry the Count of Belvedere.

Sir Charles conducted the family, by easy journeys, to London, where he brought them to the house he had provided for their reception; and was agreeably surprized on their arrival, at finding that his lady had, unknown to him, prepared an elegant repast. The Marchioness was so impatient to see Clementina, that every one was afraid of the consequences, with respect to her health; and, on the other hand, the young lady, was grieved at finding herself so situated; as to be obliged to cause her parents to enter into articles with her before she kneeled to them, what she longed to do, notwithstanding her dreading to see them. Sir Charles, by the desire of all parties, drew up a paper, copies of which were given both to the principal persons of her family, and to Clementina; in which he proposed, that she should lay aside all thoughts of retiring to a convent, be allowed to chuse her way of life, and her attendants: That her parents and brothers, should promise never to persuade her, much less to compel her to marry any man; and that the Count

of Belvedere should discontinue his addresses. After some debate, the whole family consented to these articles; but the Lady Clementina found the greatest difficulty in giving up her favourite project of taking the veil; nor could the Count of Belvedere, without the greatest agony of mind, submit to discontinue his pretensions. These precautions being taken, Clementina was to be introduced to her longing parents; but her dread of appearing before them made her entreat the Lady Grandison and the Lady L — to introduce and countenance her, by their presence; to which they willingly consented. At the time fixed for this affecting interview, Sir Charles went to prepare her expecting parents, while the Lady Grandison waited upon her. Clementina looked wild and disordered; and giving Lady L — and Lady Grandison her hand, was led to the coach: But, at stepping in she trembled, and appeared much disturbed. They gave her all the comfort they were able, while the coach drove to Grosvenor Square. On its stopping, Sir Charles appeared, and seeing her emotion, it is kind, my Harriet, it is kind, my dear sister, said he,

he, to accompany the Lady Clementina — Your goodness will be rewarded by the pleasure of seeing the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter. O Chevalier! was all Clementina could say. He then told her that he would lead her into a drawing-room, where she should see none but those who were with her. Visibly encouraged, she gave him her trembling hand, and he led her in, followed by the two ladies, who seated themselves on each side of her, but with difficulty kept her from fainting, by their salts and soothing: On her recovering a little, holding up her finger with wildness in her looks, she cast her eyes to the doors and windows, crying, hush! they will hear us, but soon coming more to herself, O Chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do? Am I indeed in the same house with my father, my mother, Jeronymo? Who else? who else? My dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, it is from love and tenderness to you, agreed, that you first only see your mother, then your father, and at your own pleasure, your brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, and
father

father Mariscotti. Your mamma, madam, who is all indulgence is impatient to hold you to her heart. What joy will you give her! He offered his hand, and she gave him hers, making a motion for the two ladies to come with her, and who followed her into the room, where was her expecting mother. They ran to each other with open arms. O my Clementina! O my mamma! was all they could utter: They sunk on the floor, the mother's arms about the daughter's neck, the daughter's about the mother's waist. Sir Charles lifting them up, seated them by each other. Pardon! pardon! pardon! cried Clementina, lifting up her hands and eyes, and sliding out of her mother's arms on her knees. The Marquis unable longer to contain himself; rushed in, crying, my daughter! my child! my Clementina! do I once more see my child? Sir Charles had lifted her up, when her father entered, but she again sunk down prostrate on the floor, with her arms extended, crying, O father, forgive! forgive me, O my father! By Sir Charles's assistance, he raised her up, and seating her between himself and his Lady, they both threw their arms
about

about her; she in broken accents repeating prayers for forgiveness, while they in accents as broken, uttered their blessings.

When Clementina's first emotions were over, and she began to look up, she cried, behold, madam, behold, my Lord, looking at lady L —, the hospitable lady with whom I have lived. Behold, looking at Lady Grandison, a more than woman, an angel! — She here seemed at a loss for words. We have before, said the Marquis, seen and admired, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women. He arose to approach the ladies, when Sir Charles leading them both to him, Clementina, first snatched Lady Grandison's hand, and eagerly pressed it to her lips; and then Lady L —'s. Her heart was full, and she seemed unable to speak; when the two ladies, with their eyes overflowing with tears, congratulated the father, mother, and daughter.

Sir Charles then withdrew, but soon returned with the Bishop and Seignior Jeronimo. It is not easy to determine whether these Lords shewed more joy than Clementina did shame and confusion. She attempted to beg pardon, but the Bishop cried, not one
word

word of past afflictions. None are in fault. We are all once more happy; happy by means of this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular. My ever noble and venerable brother, said Jeronymo, who had clasped his sister to his fond heart, how I love you for thus comforting and encouraging the dear Clementina! Every article of my Grandison's proposals shall be carried into execution. We will, as he has desired, rejoice with him in England; and he, and all those who are dear to him, shall accompany us to Italy. Sir Charles then introduced the justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont, when Clementina throwing herself into her arms, cried, forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont? If you forgive me, virtue will! Pardon her who never, never would have so disgraced your excellent lessons and her mamma's bright example, had not her unhappy mind been darkened by a heavy cloud. My dear lady, returned she, it was not your fault, but your misfortune. You deserved pity and not blame. We all think so, and came here to heal your wounded mind: Be that healed, and we all shall be happy.

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The articles signed and witnessed were put into her hands a day or two after; when having written her name, she tore off the other names, and kissing the torn bit, put it in her bosom; then falling herself on her knees to her father and mother, who stood together, she presented the paper, crying, never let it be mentioned that your Clementina has presumed to bind by these articles the dearest of parents. My name stands, and will be a witness against me, if I break those I have signed: But in your forgiveness, my Lord, in yours, madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past goodness, to doubt the future. May God enable your Clementina, to be all you wish. Only indulge me in my choice of a single life; and your word is all the assurance I desire. They embraced her; then tenderly raising her, embraced her again.

This noble lady was not informed till the day before, that the Count of Belvedere had accompanied her friends to England. Sir Charles made use of great precaution in telling her; and at the same time let her know, that the Count was very desirous of taking
his

his leave of her. She consented to see him as one of the friends of her father and brothers, and in that light deferred his departure; she had afterwards several conversations with him, and before all her relations behaved towards him with the respect due to his merit. She was sensible of the ardour, with which her parents and brothers wished to see her married to that accomplished nobleman. She could not help observing the pleasure that sparkled in his eyes, whenever she was pleased to enter into discourse with him; and seriously considering their motives, with the extraordinary merit of the Count, together with the reasons that had induced her to resolve never to enter into the marriage state, she, at length, began to hesitate, and voluntarily promised her relations, that if within a year's time, she should find no reason to change her mind, she would chearfully comply with their wishes.

In short, this noble family staid several months with Sir Charles, part of which time they passed at Grandison-hall. Every opportunity was taken to render their residence in England, as agreeable as possible, and on their
their

their taking their leave, Sir Charles and his lady attended them to Dover. Jeronymo, however, staid in England with Sir Charles, in order to reap the benefit of the Bath waters, by means of which, added to the assistance he had received from the excellent Mr. Lowther, he was perfectly recovered.

The next year, Sir Charles and his lady, with his two sisters and their lords, attended him to Italy, where they were received by his noble family with transports of joy. They had there the pleasure to find the Lady Clementina perfectly free from the unhappy disorder of mind, by which she had been so long afflicted. After having spent several months in Italy, Sir Charles and his Lady, in company with his brothers and sisters, returned together to England, where they had the pleasure to resume their former plan of life. Their piety and virtue are the sources of the noblest pleasures that can fill the human

mind. While they are admired and beloved by their friends, they are regarded with grateful affection by their tenants, and revered by the poor.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
T O M J O N E S,
A F O U N D L I N G,

ABRIDGED
FROM THE WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, *Esq.*

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES

A FOUNDLING

ARRANGED

FROM THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

THE
HISTORY
OF
TOM JONES.

CHAP. I.

*A Character of Mr. Allworthy and his Sister,
A Discovery. Mrs. Deborah Watkins's and
Mr. Allworthy's behaviour upon it. A short
Account of Fenny Jones, and the Treatment
she receives from Mr. Allworthy.*

THERE lately lived in Somersetshire, a
worthy gentleman, whose name was *Allwor-*
thy, who had a solid understanding, a sound
constitution, and a benevolent heart, toge-
ther with one of the largest estates in the
county. In his youth, he had married a
beautiful lady, of great merit, by whom he
had three children, who all died in their in-
fancy, and their loss was followed by that of

his beloved wife, after whose death he chiefly resided in the country, with a sister, named *Miss Bridget Allworthy*, for whom he had a tender affection. She was somewhat about thirty, and was so far from regretting the want of beauty, that she would never mention that endowment without contempt; and was at the same time so discreet, that she was as much on her guard, as if she was surrounded with snares.

Mr. *Allworthy* had been a full quarter of a year in *London*, when returning home late in the evening, after a short supper, he retired, and having, according to his usual custom, spent some minutes on his knees, was preparing to step into bed, when, on opening the cloaths, to his great surprize, he beheld between the sheets, an infant wrapt up in coarse linen, in a profound sleep. Filled with astonishment, he stood gazing at it, and compassion for the little helpless object before him, taking possession of his mind, he rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman servant, to rise and come immediately.

Lost in the contemplation of the beauty of sleeping innocence, he had forgot that he was
un-

undressed, and therefore, the prudent woman, who was in the 52d year of her age, no sooner opened the door, than seeing her master standing by the bed, she stepped a little back. On which, recollecting himself, he slipped on his cloaths, and then told her she might come in.

Mrs. *Deborah Wilkins*, for that was her name, no sooner returned into the room, than being informed by her master, of his finding the little infant, she appeared even in greater consternation than he had been; but he ordered her to take care of it for that night, saying, that in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. The good woman now exclaimed against the mother, whom she wished to see committed to Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail, saying, she would warrant it was not her first, by her laying it to his worship. Laying it to me, *Deborah*, said Mr. *Allworthy*, I can't think she has any such design; I suppose she has only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad she has not done worse. The prudent house-keeper exclaimed, that tho' he knew his own innocence, the world was

ensorious; and should his worship provide for the child, it might make people the apter to believe; professing, that it went against her to touch those misbegotten wretches. Faugh! how it stinks! added she, it does not smell like a Christian. If I might be so bold as to give my advice, I would have it laid at the church-warden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and if it be put in a basket, and wrapt up warm, it may, probably, live till it is found in the morning: But if it should not, we have discharged our duty, in taking proper care of it; and it is better, perhaps, for such creatures to die in a state of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mother; for nothing better can be expected of them.

Mr. *Allworthy*, who paid little attention to what Mrs. *Deborah* said, had got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which by a gentle pressure seemed to implore his assistance, with a force more powerful than all her eloquence. He therefore ordered her to take the child with her to bed, and to call up a maid servant to provide it pap against it waked. Upon which Mrs. *Deborah*, shewed
such

such respect to her master's commands, that taking the child in her arms, she declared, it was a sweet little infant, and took it to her own room.

The next morning, Mr. *Allworthy* was summoned to breakfast by Miss *Bridger's* bell, when the usual compliments having passed, and the tea poured out, he summoned Mrs. *Wilkins*, telling his sister, he had a present for her; for which she thanked him, imagining, perhaps, that it had been a gown, or some ornament; but how was she disappointed, when the good woman, according to the orders she had received, produced the infant! Great surprizes are apt to produce silence, and Miss *Bridger* did not utter a syllable till her brother had told the whole story, which he concluded with owning a resolution to have the child brought up as his own. Mrs. *Wilkins* expected she would have vented much bitterness on this occasion, and proposed sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, instantly out of the house; but, on the contrary, she shewed some compassion for the little helpless creature, and even commended her brother's charity. Mr. *Allworthy* leaving

the room, Mrs. *Wilkins* stood silent, to take her cue from Miss *Bridget*, who having for some time looked earnestly at the child, as it lay asleep in Mrs. *Wilkins*'s lap, could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, expressing herself highly pleased with its beauty and innocence, which the good woman no sooner observed, than she in her turn fell to squeezing and kissing it, crying in a shrill voice, O the dear, sweet pretty creature! Well I vow, it is as fine a boy as ever was seen! Miss *Bridget* now gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, in the most liberal manner; and appointed a good room for its nursery; but concluded with observing, That since it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, the supposed little master must be treated with great tenderness; but for her part, she could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice; but that she knew too much of the obstinacy of mankind, to oppose any of their ridiculous humours.

Mrs. *Wilkins* having left the child in the nursery, by her master's desire, prepared to go to the neighbouring village in search of
its

its mother, and on her arrival, went first to the habitation of an elderly matron, to whom she communicated the news of what had happened, and they both began to scrutinize the characters of all the girls that lived in the place, and at last fixed their strongest suspicions on one *Jenny Jones*. This girl was not indeed, very handsome, but she had an uncommon share of understanding, which she improved by erudition; for she had lived several years a servant to a school-master, who finding that she had an extraordinary desire of learning, had the goodness, or folly, which ever the reader pleases to call it, to give her a competent skill in the Latin tongue; an advantage that was attended with some small inconveniences, as it produced no little envy and ill-will towards her in the bosoms of her neighbours, which however did not openly display itself till poor *Jenny*, to the surprize of every body, and the vexation of all the young women in the parish, publickly shone forth on a Sunday, in a new silk gown. *Jenny* had by her learning, encreased her own pride, which none of her neighbours were willing to feed with the honour she seemed

seemed to demand; and now, instead of respect, gained nothing by her finery, but hatred and abuse, and the whole parish declared, she could not come honestly by it. Besides, *Fenny* had lately been often at Mr. *Allworthy's* house, where she had officiated as nurse to Miss *Bridget*, in a violent fit of illness, and had been seen there the very day before Mr. *Allworthy's* return.

Fenny Jones was therefore sent for, and no sooner appeared, than Mrs. *Deborah*, assuming the gravity of a judge, began with, You audacious strumpet, and was proceeding, rather to pass sentence, than to accuse the prisoner, when *Fenny*, in terms of contrition, confessed the fact with which she was charged. The bye standers now cry'd out, They thought what madam's silk gown would end in; while others sneered at her learning.

Mrs. *Wilkins* having met with better success in her enquiry than she expected, returned in triumph, and made a faithful report to Mr. *Allworthy*, who was greatly surprized; for having heard of the girl's extraordinary improvements, he had intended to have given her

her in marriage to a neighbouring curate; and therefore, his concern was equal to his house-keeper's satisfaction. Mrs. *Deborah* was again dispatched, to bring the unhappy culprit before her master, not, as it was hoped and expected, in order to her being committed to the house of correction, but that he might give her some wholesome reproof and admonition.

Fenny being at length brought, Mr. *Allworthy* took her into his study, and spoke to her to the following purpose. You are sensible, that as a magistrate, it is in my power to punish you, and may be more apt to fear I shall do it with the greater severity, as you have, in a manner, laid your sins at my door; but as a magistrate should never be inflamed by private resentment, I will not consider your having left the infant in my house as an aggravation of your offence; but as proceeding from natural affection, and the hopes of seeing it provided for. I shall therefore only admonish you on the violation of your chastity, a crime, which however slightly treated by profligate and debauched people, is heinous in itself, and attended with
dread-

dreadful consequences. It is a crime committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, and of the express command of its author. What can be more dreadful than to incur the divine displeasure, by the breach of commands, against which the highest vengeance is denounced? — But a hint is here sufficient; for I would inspire you with repentance, and not drive you to despair.

On the other hand, by this crime, women are rendered infamous, and driven from the society of all but the wicked, and are thus frequently forced by necessity, into a state of shame and misery, that ends in their everlasting destruction. Can any pleasure compensate these evils? Or any carnal appetite so over power reason, as to prevent a woman's flying with affright and terror from a crime that is always attended with such punishments? How base and mean must she be, how void of dignity of mind and decent pride, that can sacrifice all that is great and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an appetite which she possesses in common with the brutes! For sure, no woman will plead the passion of love for an excuse: For in what
light

light but that of an enemy, can a reasonable woman regard the man who solicits her to entail on herself, shame and misery? If such a corruptor should have the impudence to pretend a real affection for her, ought not she to regard such a false, designing, treacherous, pretended friend, as the worst of enemies? My design is not to insult you for what is past, but to caution and strengthen you for the future; nor should I take this trouble, was it not for my opinion of your good sense, and my hopes of your sincere repentance. If these do not deceive me, I will convey you to a place, where you shall live unknown, and avoid the punishment allotted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by your repentance, escape the much heavier, denounced against it in the other. As to your child, I'll provide for it in a better manner than you can hope to do; but you must first inform me, who was the wicked man that seduced you, for I am much more offended at him, than at you.

Jenny, now lifting up her eyes, answered, To know you, Sir, and not to love your goodness, would, in me, be the highest ingrati-

gratitude, and I beg you to believe, that I take your advice much kinder than the generous offer with which you concluded it. You are pleased to say, Sir, it proceeds from your opinion of my understanding. I will endeavour to deserve your good opinion; for if I have the understanding you are so kindly pleased to allow me, such advice cannot be thrown away upon me. I heartily thank you, Sir, for your intended kindness to my poor helpless child: He is innocent, and, I hope, will live to be grateful for all the favours you will shew him. But on my knees, I entreat you, added she, kneeling at his feet, not to persist in asking me to know my child's father. I faithfully promise you shall one day know; but I am now under the most solemn engagements of honour, as well as the most religious vows and protestations to conceal his name. And I am sure you will not desire me to violate them.

Mr. *Allworthy* replied, that she had been to blame, to enter into such engagements with a villain; but since she had, he ought not to insist on her breaking them. The ingenuity of her behaviour made him readily
be-

believe what she told him; he therefore dismissed her, with assurances, that he would speedily remove her out of the disgrace she had incurred, and concluding with some additional exhortations, added, You ought, child, to consider, that you are still to reconcile yourself to one whose favour is of infinitely more importance to you than mine.

Miss *Bridget*, and Mrs. *Deborah*, had, without being seen, listened to all that passed, with their ears to the key-hole. But both kept silence during the scene; and it was no sooner ended, and that gentleman gone, than the housekeeper exclaimed at her master's clemency, and especially against his suffering the slut to conceal the child's father. At this Miss *Bridget*, smiling, commended the honour and spirit with which *Jenny* acted, and observed, there was some merit in the sincerity of her confession, and her regard to her vows and promises; and she did not doubt but she had been seduced by some rascal, who was infinitely more to blame than she. Mrs. *Deborah*, now tacking about, said, she must own she could not help admiring the girl's spirit as well as her

ladyship; and that if she had been deceived by some wicked man, she was to be pitied. As to *Jenny*, she returned home well pleased, and by the care and goodness of Mr. *Allworthy*, was soon removed out of the reach of reproach.

C H A P. II.

Mr. Allworthy's Hospitality The Character of Doctor and Captain Blifil, the former of whom marries Miss Bridget. The Captain's ingratitude to his Brother. Mrs. Blifil delivered of a Son. The Methods taken by the Captain to procure the Discharge of the Foundling, and to restrain Mr. Allworthy's Generosity. His Projects, and his Death.

BOTH Mr. Allworthy's heart and house were open, particularly to men of merit, genius, and learning, and it is no wonder, that persons of these qualifications should appear, when they were sure of being received with great complaisance, and of enjoying almost the same advantages of a liberal fortune, as if his estate was their own. Even those men of learning, who from their indigent circumstances were glad of such an abode, were welcome to reside here.

Among these last was Doctor Blifil, a gentleman, whose father obstinately persisting in obliging him in his youth to study phy-

fic, which he disliked, was become master of almost every other science, but that by which he was to get his bread, in consequence of which, the Doctor, at the age of forty, had no bread to eat: But this circumstance entitled him to a welcome at Mr. *Allworthy's* table. The Doctor had also a great appearance of religion, and this part of his character not only pleased Mr. *Allworthy*, but delighted Miss *Bridget*, who had read much divinity, and had puzzled several of the neighbouring curates. She engaged with him in many religious controversies, and constantly expressed great satisfaction in his knowledge, and not much less in the compliments he paid her. At length the Doctor found himself so agreeable to Miss *Bridget*, that he began to lament his being married to another woman who was still alive, which was an insuperable bar to the happiness he might probably obtain with this young lady: But he recollected that he had a brother, who having no such incapacity, he did not doubt would succeed. He was about thirty five years of age, of a middle size, and well built, and though his countenance, as well

as his air and voice had much roughness in it, he could at any time appear all gentleness and good humour. He had been designed for holy orders, but after his father's death, he purchased the post of a lieutenant of dragoons, and rose to be a captain, but having quarrelled with his colonel, was obliged to sell out, from which time he had betaken himself to the study of the scriptures; it seemed therefore not unlikely that he should succeed with a lady of such a saint-like disposition. The Doctor therefore sent for his brother, and easily introduced him at Mr. *Allworthy's*, as one who intended only a short visit to himself; and the captain, who had received proper hints from his brother, had not been above a week in the house before the Doctor had reason to felicitate himself on his discernment.

The Captain, ever since his arrival, and his brother's having proposed the match to him, had been greatly enamoured, not of Miss *Bridget*, but of Mr. *Allworthy's* house and gardens, lands and tenements; for which he was grown so passionately fond, that he would probably have contracted marriage with

them, had he been obliged to have taken the Witch of *Endor* into the bargain. The charms of the Captain's conversation had all the effects that could be desired, and he no sooner perceived Miss *Bridger's* passion, than he faithfully returned it; for as Mr. *Allworthy* had declared, that he never intended to marry again, and that as his sister was his nearest relation, a child of her's should be his heir, the Doctor and his brother esteemed it an act of benevolence, to give being to a human creature who would be so plentifully provided for.

The Captain soon found means to make his addresses in express terms, and received, according to the proper form, a denial, on which he repeated his application with greater warmth and earnestness, while the lady, with great propriety, decreased in the expressions of her refusal. Mean while the Captain preserved great distance of behaviour to his lady, while in Mr. *Allworthy's* presence; and the greater success he had with her in private, the more reserved he appeared in public; while the lady, having secured her lover, behaved to him before company, with

with the appearance of the greatest indifference. In short, affairs were managed with such discretion, that in less than a month, the Captain and Miss *Bridger* were man and wife.

They were now under much concern how to break the matter to Mr. *Allworthy*; but this great point was undertaken by the Doctor. He, meeting Mr. *Allworthy* in the garden, began with the appearance of great concern, to inform him, that he had an affair of the utmost consequence to impart to him, but was at a loss how to mention it. He launched forth into bitter invectives against men and women, and accused the former of being solely attached to their own interest, exclaiming, that the Captain should no longer be a brother of his. But the benevolent Mr. *Allworthy*, whose constant maxim it was to make the best of every thing that happened, observed, that his sister was old enough to be at the age of discretion, and to know what would make her most happy; and that though the Captain was not quite equal to her in fortune, if he had any perfections in her eye, which made up that deficiency, he should

not object to her choice of her own happiness; which he, no more than she, imagined to consist only in immense wealth; but that he might have expected to have been consulted on the occasion.

The Doctor launched forth in praise of Mr. *Allworthy's* goodness, and the highest encomiums on his friendship; and concluded with saying, he could never forgive his brother for having put the place he bore in that friendship to hazard. On which Mr. *Allworthy* answered, that had he conceived any displeasure against his brother, he should never have carried that resentment to the innocent. Your brother, added he, appears to be a man of sense and honour. I don't disapprove my sister's taste; nor will I doubt her being equally the object of his inclination.

The Doctor, on his leaving Mr. *Allworthy*, went to inform his brother of what had passed, and added, with a smile, I promise you, I paid you off; nay, I absolutely desired the good gentleman not to forgive you; for you know, after his having made a declaration in your favour, I might safely venture

ture on such a request with one of his temper, and was willing for both our sakes, to prevent the least possibility of a suspicion.

It is a maxim, left by satan to his disciples, that as soon as you have made your fortune by the good offices of a friend, to discard him. Thus the Captain, was no sooner possessed of Miss *Bridger*, and reconciled to Mr. *Allworthy*, than he began to treat his brother with a coldness, and disrespect, which at length became visible to every one. The Doctor, in private, remonstrated on this behaviour, but was told by the Captain, that if he disliked any thing in his brother's house, he was at liberty to leave it. This cruel behaviour, absolutely broke the Doctor's heart: For ingratitude never pierces so deep, as when it proceeds from those, in whose behalf we have been guilty of transgressions. Mr. *Allworthy* himself, spoke to the Captain in his brother's favour, and desired to know what offence he had committed, when the villain told him, he should never forgive the injury he had endeavoured to do him in his favour, which he pretended he had pumped out of him. But Mr. *Allworthy* expressed

such resentment against an unforgiving temper, that the Captain at last, pretended to yield, and profess a reconciliation; but found so many opportunities of privately insulting the poor Doctor, that the house grew insupportable to him, and pretending some excuse of business, he took leave of Mr. *Allworthy*, and went to *London*, where he died soon after of a broken heart.

Mrs. *Blifl* was at length delivered of a fine boy, which, tho' it gave great joy to Mr. *Allworthy*, did not alienate his affections from the little Foundling, to whom he had been god-father, and had given him his own name of *Thomas*, and whom he constantly visited once a day, in the nursery; and he now proposed, that the new-born infant should be bred up with little *Tommy*; to which the lady, with some little reluctance, consented. The Captain now gave Mr. *Allworthy* frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of sin, was to countenance it. He quoted texts of scripture, as, He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; and thence argued the lawfulness of punishing the crime of the parent on the bastard; but the benevolent

Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy* was a warm advocate in defence of innocence.

While the Captain was thus endeavouring to injure the little Foundling, Mrs. *Wilkins* made a discovery, more dangerous to poor *Tommy* than all the Captain's reasonings. As this discovery was of great consequence, it may be necessary to trace it from the fountain head.

It has been already observed, that *Jenny Jones* had lived some years with a certain school-master, who had instructed her in Latin. This school-master was one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and being a man of much pleasantry, the neighbouring gentlemen were fond of his company, which making him neglect his school, he had but few scholars, which induced him to perform likewise the offices of Clerk, and Barber; and Mr. *Allworthy* also gave him 10l. every *Christmas*.

Jenny, had been four years servant to Mrs *Partridge*, the school-master's wife, who had submitted to his teaching her, without repining; but one day the husband and wife being at dinner, the master said to his maid,

Da

Da mihi aliquid potum: When the girl smiling, perhaps at the badness of the Latin, for he had made her more learned than himself, Mrs. Partridge falling into a fury, discharged the trencher on which she was eating at poor Jenny's head, crying, You impudent jade, do you play tricks with my husband before my face? and at the same instant, rose with a knife in her hand, and would have executed a tragical revenge, had not the girl taken the advantage of being next the door, and run away. Mean while the husband sat staring and trembling in his chair, till his wife, returning from the pursuit of Jenny, he was obliged to retreat, after the example of his maid. In consequence of this incident, Jenny, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, was obliged to leave the house that night, and to pack up all her cloaths, and begone, and Mr. Partridge, to please his help-mate, professed a satisfaction in her being dismissed.

After this fit of jealousy, Mr. Partridge and his wife had continued longer in a state of affability than usual; but perfect calms are always suspected by experienced mariners, to be

be the forerunners of a storm. Mrs. *Partridge* was at a certain place of rendezvous, called the Chandler's Shop, where being asked by one of her neighbours, if she had heard no news lately of *Jenny Jones*? she answered in the negative, and the other replied, that the parish was much obliged to her for having turned *Jenny* away as she did; adding, "Then you have not heard, it seems, of the girl's being brought to bed of two children; but as they are not born here, my husband, and the other overseer says, we shan't be obliged to keep them." Two children! cried Mrs. *Partridge*, you surprize me! I hope we shall not be obliged to keep them. The circumstances lately mentioned, instantly arose to her mind; and being in a moment convinced of her husband's guilt, she went away in confusion; and finding Mr. *Partridge* at home, fell upon him in a violent fury. His wig was instantly torn from his head, his shirt from his back, and from his face descended five streams of blood. The poor man, for some time, acted only on the defensive; but at last endeavoured to confine her arms, when her cap fell off in the struggle, and her hair being

being too short to reach her shoulders, stood erect on her head. Her face was marked with her husband's blood; her teeth gnashed with rage, and fire sparkled from her eyes; when being unable to prosecute her revenge, she fell into a fit. *Partridge*, upon this, ran into the street, calling for assistance, when several good women obeying the summons, and applying the usual remedies, Mrs. *Partridge*, to the great joy of her husband, was brought to herself. She was, however, no sooner restored, and relieved by a cordial, than she informed the company of the injuries she had received from the rogue her husband, who, not contented to injure her in other respects had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her stays from her body; giving her, at the same time, such blows as she should carry the marks of to her grave. Mean while the poor man, whose face bore more visible marks, with silent astonishment heard this accusation, he not having struck her once, till all the women began to revile him, frequently repeating, that none but a coward ever struck a woman. The Pedagogue bore all with great patience, till his wife appealing to the blood

blood on her face, he could not help laying claim to his own, when the women cried out, it was a pity it had not come from his heart.

This story spread, and in a few days, the whole country was informed, that the school-master of *Little-Baddington* had beaten his wife in the most cruel manner. In some places, it was reported that he had murdered her; in others, that he had broke her legs; and in others her arms. There were also different reports on the cause of the quarrel; some saying, that Mrs. *Partridge* had great reason to be jealous of her husband; while others affirmed, that he had equal cause to be jealous of his wife.

Mrs. *Deborah* had long heard of this quarrel, but as she had a wrong account of it, she thought proper to conceal it, till at length, having learned by accident the particulars, she informed the Captain that she had at last discovered the little Foundling's true father, and told him what she had heard. Captain *Bliffl* shewed no satisfaction to Mrs. *Deborah*, though he was highly pleased, and resolved to make his advantage of it, but kept it for some time concealed, in hopes

Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy* would hear of it from some other person. At length, however, finding the story in danger of perishing, he took an opportunity to mention it himself. Being one day engaged with Mr. *Allworthy* in a discourse on charity, in which he endeavoured to shew that it did not consist in acts of beneficence, in which people are liable to be imposed upon, and to confer their choicest favours, on the undeserving; which he observed, was Mr. *Allworthy's* case, in his bounty to that worthless fellow *Partridge*, adding, that two or three examples, must make a good man timorous in bestowing, from the danger of incurring the guilt of supporting vice, a crime of the blackest die. Mr. *Allworthy* vindicated the cause of diffusive benevolence, with great spirit and argument; and at last concluded, by asking, who that *Partridge* was, whom he stigmatized with the title of a worthless fellow. Why, *Partridge* the school-master, the barber, said the Captain, the father of the child you found in your bed.

Mr. *Allworthy* was greatly surprized at this intelligence, and the Captain expressed

no

no less at his ignorance of it; upon which *Deborah* was summoned, who having confirmed what the Captain had said, the school-master and his wife were sent for, and *Mr. Allworthy* being seated in the chair of justice, the criminal and his wife were brought before him, while *Mrs. Deborah* appeared as the accuser. The husband pleaded *Not Guilty*, and made many vehement protestations of his innocence; but the wife being examined, related all the circumstances with which we have acquainted the readers, and concluded with her husband's having confessed his guilt. *Partridge* still persisted in his innocence, but acknowledged his making that confession, into which he had been forced by her continual importunity, she having vowed, that as she was sure of his guilt, she would never cease tormenting him till he had confessed it; promising that then she should never mention it to him any more. Hence, he said, he had falsely confessed himself guilty, though innocent; and from the same motive, he believed, he should have confessed a murder. *Mrs. Partridge* now burst into tears, and in a torrent of abuse, exclaimed

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against

against the barbarity and wickedness of her husband. Mr. *Allworthy* begged of her to be satisfied; and having in vain exhorted Mr. *Partridge* to confess, deferred the final determination of the affair till the arrival of *Jenny*; for whom he immediately dispatched a messenger; and having recommended peace between *Partridge* and his wife, though he chiefly addressed himself to the wrong person, he ordered them to attend him three days after, he having sent *Jenny* a day's journey from his own house. The parties assembled at the time appointed, when the messenger, bringing word that *Jenny* had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer, Mr. *Allworthy* declared, that the evidence of such a vile slut would deserve little credit; and that if she declared the truth, she must have confirmed what so many circumstances, added to his own confession, and his wife's declaration, were sufficient to prove it. He therefore declared himself satisfied of his guilt, and of his being too bad a man to receive encouragement; and instantly deprived him of his annuity, recommending to him repentance and industry.

Par-

Partridge thus lost the best part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet she daily upbraided him with his being the occasion of their being deprived of it. *Partridge*, now, in a manner, abandoning himself to despair, and losing the little school he had, he and his wife would have wanted bread, had not the charity of some unknown person, provided them with what was just sufficient for their support, which Mr. *Allworthy* sent by a private hand. *Partridge*, however, soon found his miseries lessened, by being deprived of his wife, who died of the small pox; on which he left the country.

Though the Captain had completed the ruin of poor *Partridge*, he was so far from getting the Foundling turned out of the house, that Mr. *Allworthy* appeared every day fonder of little *Tommy*. This, and the other daily instances of that gentleman's generosity, greatly soured the Captain's temper, he considering all this bounty as a diminution of his own wealth. In this, he did not agree with his wife. The Captain, who, in their various disputes on divinity and other subjects, had always given up his opinions

to that of the lady, now grew weary of this condescension, and began to treat her opinions with that haughtiness and insolence, which none but those who deserve some contempt themselves, can bestow. The lady saw this alteration in his behaviour, and was far from enduring the indignity with a tame submission. She was at first highly provoked; but her resentment subsided into a perfect contempt for her husband's understanding, and a hatred of his person. He, indeed, had a very mean opinion of the whole sex, and it was always a sufficient reason to either of them, to be obstinate in any opinion, when the other had previously asserted the contrary. If any amusement was proposed by one, the other always objected to it: They never loved or hated the same person, and therefore, as the Captain looked on the little foundling with an evil eye, his wife began to caress it, almost as much as her own child. They were, however, much on their guard, before their brother.

The Captain made himself amends for the unpleasant minutes he passed in the conversation of his wife, which were as few as possible,

sible, by the pleasant meditations he enjoyed alone. He spent much thought in calculating the exact value of Mr. *Allworthy's* fortune; and these calculations he frequently saw reason to alter in his own favour. He likewise pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and projecting schemes for the improvement of the estate. For this purpose, he applied himself to the study of architecture and gardening, and at last completed a most excellent plan.

As the only thing then wanting to enable him to execute the grand schemes he had laid, was Mr. *Allworthy's* death, he purchased every book extant, that treats of the value of lives and reversions; and spending much time in calculations, was fully convinced, that as there was a chance of this happening every day, so he had more than an equal chance of his coming into the possession of all within a few years. But while the Captain was one evening taking his walk by himself, busied in deep contemplations of this kind, at the instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness he should obtain from Mr. *Allworthy's* death,

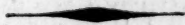
he was seized with an apoplexy, and instantly took measure of that proportion of soil which was now sufficient for all his future purposes.

Mr. *Allworthy*, with his sister, and a lady who was a visitor, had waited a considerable time for the Captain to come to supper, and at last growing uneasy, orders were given that the bell should be rung without the doors; but this producing no effect, Mr. *Allworthy* himself went in search of him, and sent the servants different ways; for as he was always punctual at his meals, they were certain that something must have happened. At length Mr. *Allworthy* returned, with a countenance filled with consternation; on which Mrs. *Blifl* began to bewail herself in very bitter terms, accompanied with floods of tears. At this instant a servant came running in, out of breath, and cried the Captain was found, and before he could proceed, was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them, which Mrs. *Blifl* no sooner saw, than giving a violent shriek, she fell into a fit. The room was instantly full of servants, some of whom were employed in taking

taking care of the widow, while others, assisted in carrying the Captain to a warm bed. Two physicians were sent for, and every method was tried, in order to restore him to life, but without effect.

The Doctors being about to take their leave, Mr. *Allworthy*, who had continued by the dead body, enquired after his sister, whom he desired them to visit before their departure. She had, by this time, recovered from her fit, on which they felt her pulse; prescribed for her, and continued to attend her during a month, all which time she was attended by nurses, and received constant messages from her acquaintance, to enquire after her health. The Captain being interred, and the decent time for sickness and grief being at length expired, the Doctors were dismissed, and the lady began to see company, with no other alteration in her person, but what she received from the sable colour of sadness. The lady afterwards conducted herself according to the strictest rules of decorum, suiting the alterations of her countenance to those of her habit: For as this changed from weeds

to black , from black to grey , and from grey to white ; so her countenance changed from dismal to sorrowful , from sorrowful to sad , and from sad to serious ; till the moment came , in which she was allowed to resume her former serenity.



C H A P. III.

A youthful Adventure of Tom Jones, its punishment, and the discharge of the Game-keeper. Tom's Generosity to the poor Man's Family. A Description of Miss Sophia Western; a Story of a little Bird, and the manner in which Tom procured Mr. Western's Pardon for the Game-keeper.

THE dispositions of *Tom Jones* and master *Blifil*, by the time they came to be about fourteen years of age, appeared extremely different. Master *Blifil* was sober, discreet, and grave, beyond his age; and these qualities gained him the love of all who knew him, while *Jones* was so unlucky and mischievous, that he was universally disliked, and had not one friend amongst the servants, except the game-keeper, who was a fellow of a loose disposition.

Little *Jones* one day went a shooting with the game-keeper, and happening to spring a covey of partridges near the edge of a manor belonging to Mr. *Western*, a gentleman extremely zealous for the preservation

of the game, the birds flew into it, among some furze-bushes, two or three hundred yards beyond Mr. *Allworthy's* estate. The fellow had received strict orders from his master, never to commit any trespass on his neighbour, on pain of forfeiting his place; but at this time the young sportsman being excessive eager to pursue the game, was so importunate, that he yielded to his persuasions, and entering the manor, shot one of the partridges. Unluckily Mr. *Western* was then on horseback, at a little distance, and hearing the report, rode towards the place, and discovered poor *Tom*, for the game-keeper had the good fortune to hide himself. The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge, swore he would acquaint Mr. *Allworthy*, and immediately rode to his house, where he complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his house had been broken open, and he had lost his most valuable furniture; and added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him, for two guns had been fired, almost in the same instant.

Tom

Tom had no sooner returned home, than he was summoned before Mr. *Allworthy*, to whom he owned the fact, alledging no other excuse, but what was really true, that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. *Allworthy's* own manor; but absolutely denied that he had any body with him. The game-keeper, being, however, suspected, was sent for, and he relying on *Tom's* promise, to take all upon himself, maintained that he had not seen him the whole afternoon. On which Mr. *Allworthy*, with great anger in his countenance, again exhorted *Tom* to confess who was with him, but he still persisting in his resolution, Mr. *Allworthy* gave him till the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

The unhappy youth spent a very melancholy night, and in the morning, when he attended the reverend Mr. *Thwackum*, the person to whom Mr. *Allworthy* had committed the instruction of the two boys, the same questions were put to him by that gentleman, which he had been asked the evening before, and on his returning the same answers,

wers, he received a most severe whipping, which *Tom* bore with surprizing fortitude, though between every stroke, his master asked him whether he would not confess. *Tom's* master had carried his severity much farther than Mr. *Allworthy* intended, and beginning now to suspect that the 'squire was mistaken, sent for *Tom*, and after many kind exhortations, told him, that he was convinced that he had wronged him, and was sorry he had been so severely punished, and then gave him a little horse to make him amends. *Tom* could more easily bear the lashes of *Thwackum*, than Mr. *Allworthy's* generosity. He burst into tears, and falling on his knees, cried, O Sir, you are too good to me. Indeed you are. Indeed I don't deserve it. And from the fulness of his heart, had almost betrayed the secret; but the consideration of what might be the consequence to the poor fellow, sealed his lips.

A few days after, a difference arising at play, between Master *Blifl* and *Tom*, the former called *Tommy* a beggarly bastard; upon which the latter being somewhat passionate in his disposition, gave him a blow

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on the face, and Master *Blifl*, with the blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after, appeared before his uncle; and an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was immediately preferred against *Tom*, who in his excuse, only pleaded the provocation, which indeed was all his accuser had omitted. Master *Blifl* positively insisted that he had not made use of any such words. *Tom* insisted that he had; on which Master *Blifl* replied, those who will tell one fib, will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to shew my face. *Thwackum* eagerly asked what fib? Why, he told you, said he, that no body was with him when he killed the partridge, but he knows, for he confessed it to me, that black *George*, the keeper, was there. Yes you did, deny it if you can.

Upon this Mr. *Allworthy*, turning towards *Tom*, said, Is this true, child? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood? *Tom* answered, he scorned a lie as much as any body; but he thought his honour engaged; for he had promised the poor fellow

fellow to conceal him, because he had begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone himself, only in compliance with his persuasions. This, he said, was the whole truth, and he concluded with earnestly begging Mr. *Allworthy* to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself had only been guilty, and the other had with difficulty been prevailed on, to do what he did. Indeed, Sir, added he, it could hardly be called a lie, for the poor fellow was entirely innocent. I should have gone alone after the birds: Nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me, to prevent more mischief. Do, pray Sir, forgive poor *George*. Mr. *Allworthy*, after a few moments hesitation, advised them to live more friendly and peaceably together, and then dismissed them. *Thwackum* was very desirous of giving *Tom* another whipping; but Mr. *Allworthy* declared, that he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment. He, however, behaved with greater severity towards the game-keeper, whom he summoned before him; and after many reproaches, paid him his wages, and dismissed him

him from his service. For he was of opinion, that there was a great difference between been guilty of a falsehood to excuse one's self, and to excuse another. But the principal motive of his severity, was the fellow's having basely suffered poor *Tom* to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, when he ought to have prevented it, by making the discovery himself.

Mrs. *Bliffl* had shewed little affection for her son, which was, perhaps, owing to the aversion she had entertained for her husband, till a reconciliation was produced by death; and on these youths growing up, she apparently discovered a greater regard for *Tom*, which Mr. *Allworthy* no sooner perceived, than poor *Jones* began to sink in his affections, as he rose in her's.

The little horse *Tom* had received for smart-money, he kept somewhat above a year, and then riding to a neighbouring fair, sold him. At his return, *Thwackum* insisted on knowing what he had done with the money, but *Tom* would not tell him, on which *Thwackum* declared that he would have it out of his breech, a place to which he always
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applied for information on every doubtful occasion. Poor *Tom* was therefore mounted on a footman's back; but at this instant Mr. *Allworthy* entering the room, gave him a reprieve, and taking him into another apartment, put the same question to him which *Thwackum* had asked before. Dear Sir, said he, I know the obligations I have to you, and should detest myself, if I thought my heart capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, he would tell you how fond I was of your present. It went to my heart to part with him, nor would I have sold him upon any other account, and were you in my case, you would have done the same: For none ever so sensibly felt the misfortunes of others; and what, dear Sir, would you feel, if you thought yourself the occasion? — Indeed Sir, never was any misery like theirs — Like whose, child,? what do you mean? replied Mr. *Allworthy*. O Sir, answered *Tom*, your poor game-keeper, with his large family, have ever since you turned him away, been perishing with cold and hunger. I could not bear to see them naked and starving, while I knew myself the

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occasion of all their sufferings. Then bursting into tears, he added, Sir, I parted with your dear present to save them from destruction, notwithstanding all the value I had for it, and they have all the money. The tears started into Mr. *Allworthy's* eyes, and he stood silent; but presently dismissed him with a gentle rebuke, telling him for the future, to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to make use of extraordinary means to relieve them.

Soon after an action was brought by 'squire *Western* against the game-keeper which was a most unfortunate circumstance, as it prevented Mr. *Allworthy* from restoring him to his favour: For one evening that gentleman walking out with Master *Bliffl* and young *Jones*, the latter artfully drew him to black *George's* house, where his wife and children were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness can affect human creatures. Mr. *Allworthy* was filled with pity, and immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas; on which the poor woman burst into tears, and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from

expressing her gratitude to *Tom*, who, she said, had preserved both her and her's from starving, and that they had not had a morsel to eat, nor a rag to put on, but what they had obtained from his goodness. On their way home, *Tom* exerted all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of black *George*; and met with such success, that Mr. *Allworthy* promised to forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family. At this news *Tom* was so delighted, that though it was dark, when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile, to acquaint the poor woman with the joyful tidings. But black *George*'s ill fortune, made use of the very opportunity of *Tom*'s absence to defeat his intentions.

Master *Bliffl*, though he had kept silence in *Tom*'s presence, could not bear to think of his uncle's conferring favours on the undeserving, and therefore informed his uncle of the following circumstance. Before *Tom* had sold the horse, the game-keeper passing through a field belonging to Mr. *Western*, espied a hare sitting in her form, and being
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in want of bread, had basely and barbarously knocked the hare on the head, and sold her to a higgler, who being taken up several months after, was obliged to make his peace with the 'squire by becoming evidence against some poachers; and therefore fixed upon black *George*, as the best sacrifice he could make, on account of his having supplied him with no game since. Master *Bliffl*, in telling this story, had forgot the distance of the time; he also varied in the manner of the fact; and by the addition of the single letter *S*, considerably altered the story; for he said that *George* had wired hares. But these alterations might have been set right, had not Master *Bliffl*, before he revealed the affair, insisted on Mr. *Allworthy*'s promising him secrecy.

The joy of these poor people was but short-lived; for the next morning Mr. *Allworthy* declared, that he had fresh reason for his anger, and forbid *Tom* to mention *George* any more, whom he would leave to the law, though he would endeavour to keep his family from starving. But *Tom*'s friendship was not to be tired out by disappoint-

ments, and he resolved to try another method of preserving the fellow from ruin. He had lately grown very intimate with Mr. *Western*, to whom he had recommended himself, by leaping over five-barred gates, and other acts of sportsmanship. Hence he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport; and every thing which the 'squire held most dear, as his guns, dogs, and horses, were as much at *Jones's* command, as if they had been his own. He had also some influence on the 'squire's daughter; a young lady possessed of many accomplishments.

Sophia, who was Mr. *Western's* only child, was of about seventeen years of age, and was of a middle size, or rather inclining to tall, with a shape exact, and extremely delicate. She had a fine face; her eye-brows were full, even, and arched, and her black eyes had a lustre, which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, was extremely beautiful. Her cheeks were oval, and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had

had its share in forming the beauty of her face. As to her complexion, it had rather more of the lilly than of the rose; but when her natural colour was increased by exercise or modesty, no vermillion could equal it. Her neck was long and finely turned, and the finest cambrick might be supposed from envy to cover that bosom, which was much whiter than itself. Her mind was every way equal to her person, and rendered her completely lovely. Her father was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, *Tom Jones* applied in behalf of the game-keeper.

In order to shew the propriety of *Tom's* conduct, it may be proper to mention some circumstances previous to this affair. The different tempers of Mr. *Allworthy* and Mr. *Western*, did not admit of a very intimate correspondence; yet as they lived upon a decent footing, the young people of both families had been acquainted from their infancy. *Tom*, when very young, had presented *Sophia* with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, nursed up, and taught to sing. *Sophia*, who was then about thirteen years

old, was so extremely fond of this bird, that her chief pleasure was to feed and tend it, by which means little *Tommy*, for so the bird was called, became so tame, that it would feed out of her hand, perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, though she always kept a small string about its leg.

One day when Mr. *Allworthy* and his family dined at Mr. *Western's*, Master *Blifl* being in the garden with little *Sophia*, and observing the extraordinary fondness she shewed for her bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. *Sophia* presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird, which he had no sooner in his possession, than slipping the string from its leg, he tossed it into the air, and the foolish animal, forgetting all the favours it had received from *Sophia*, flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia immediately screamed out so loud, that *Tom Jones*, who was a little distant, instantly ran to her assistance, and was no sooner informed of what had happened, than calling *Blifl* a pitiful, malicious rascal, he strip-

stripped off his coat, and climbed the tree, to which the bird had escaped. He had almost recovered his little name-sake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that extended over a canal, broke, and the poor boy was soufed over head and ears in the water. *Sophia* apprehending his life to be in danger, screamed ten times louder than before, and was also seconded by Master *Blifil*. The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, being instantly alarmed, came all running; but just as they had reached the canal, the water being pretty shallow, *Tom* reached the shore. Mr. *Allworthy* immediately asked Master *Blifil* the reason of this disturbance, when he answered, that he had Miss *Sophia's* bird in his hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, he could not forbear giving it what it desired; but that if he had imagined Miss *Sophia* would have been so concerned at it, he would never have done it; nor would he, if he had known what would have happened to the poor bird; for which Master *Jones* who had climbed up the tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a se-

cond flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away.

Sophia, on hearing of her *Tommy's* fate, which her concern for *Jones* had prevented her seeing, shed a shower of tears, when Mr. *Allworthy* endeavoured to remove her grief by promising her a much finer bird; but she said she would never have another. Her father blamed her immoderate grief; but told young *Blifil*, that was he his son, his backside should smart for it.

From this time *Sophia* began to have some little kindness for *Tom Jones*, and no little aversion for *Blifil*. She observed that though *Tom* was an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, he was no body's enemy but his own; and that Master *Blifil*, though a prudent, discreet, sober young gentleman, was, at the same time, extremely mercenary and selfish. After this event, *Sophia* had been absent upwards of three years with her aunt, who took care of her education. The young lady was now returned to her father, who gave her the command of his house. She still considered *Tom*, who was at this time about twenty years of age, as a youth of a noble spirit, while

while she had a very contemptible opinion of *Bliffl*. Things were in this situation, when *Tom*, one afternoon, finding *Sophia* alone, began with a serious face to inform her, that he had a favour to ask, which he hoped her good nature would comply with. The young lady, perhaps, suspected, he intended to make love to her; for her colour forsook her cheeks, and her limbs trembled; but he soon relieved her from her perplexity, by informing her of his request, which was to solicit her interest on behalf of the game-keeper, whose own ruin, and that of a large family, must be the consequence of her father's continuing his prosecution against him.

The young lady instantly recovered from her confusion, and with a smile full of sweetness, told him, she would do it with all her heart, and that she really pitied the poor fellow, and had the day before sent a small matter to his wife. Emboldened with this success, *Tom* resolved to push the matter still farther, and begged that she would recommend him to her father's service. This she promised to attempt, and to do whatever she could for the poor fellow, concluding,

that in return, she had a favour to ask of him. *Tom* expressed the joy she had given him, and taking her hand, protested, that he would sacrifice his life to oblige her, and eagerly kissed it. The blood, which had before forsaken her cheeks, now rushed over her face and neck with such violence, that they were tinged with scarlet. She now, for the first time, felt a sensation, to which she had been before a stranger. As soon as she could recover herself, she told him, that the favour she had to request, was, not to lead, her father through so many dangers in hunting; for, whenever they went out together, she was under the most dreadful apprehensions, and expected to see him some time or other brought home with broken limbs. She therefore desired, that for her sake, he would be more cautious; and as he well knew Mr. *Western* would follow him, not to ride so madly, nor to take those dangerous leaps for the future. *Tom* faithfully promised to obey her commands; and after returning her his thanks, took his leave, and went away highly charmed with his success.

Every

Every afternoon it was Mr. *Western's* custom, as soon as he grew tipsy, to engage his daughter, to play to him on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of musick, but his favourite tunes were *Bobbing-Jone*, *Sir George he was for England*, *Old Sir Simon the King*, and the like; for though his daughter was a perfect mistress of musick, and would never willingly have played any but *Handell's*, yet she had learned those tunes to oblige him. She would, however, now and then, endeavour to lead him into her own taste; and when he required the repetition of his ballads, would often desire him to let her play something else. This evening, however, when he had retired from his bottle, without any solicitation, she played all his favourites three times over, which so pleased the 'squire, that, starting from his couch, he gave her a kiss, and swore her hand was vastly improved. She took this opportunity to make good her promise to *Tom*, in which she had such success, that the 'squire declared, if she would give him the other bout of *Old Sir Simon*, he would give the game-keeper his deputation the next morning. *Sir Simon* was
played

played again and again, till the charms of the musick soothed the gentleman to sleep. *Sophia* did not fail the next morning to remind him of his promise; and his attorney was instantly sent for, and he being ordered to stop any farther proceedings, the fellow was made Mr. *Western's* game-keeper.

But *Tom's* success made great noise, some applauding it as an act of good-nature, and others observing, that it was no wonder, that one idle fellow should love another. *Blist* represented it, as flying in Mr. *Allworthy's* face, and declared, with great concern, that it was impossible to find any other motive for doing good to such a wretch; and *Thwackum* declared himself of the same opinion. Mr. *Allworthy* was not, however, moved by the invidious turn they gave it; for he declared himself well satisfied with what *Jones* had done, and added, that the perseverance and integrity of his friendship was highly commendable.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Tom breaks his Arm in saving Miss Sophia's Life. He lives till his Arm is cured at Mr. Western's. The Manner in which he spends his Time there. He and the young Lady become acquainted with each other's Passion.

As Mr. Western's fondness for Sophia daily increased, he became unwilling to leave her company; and as he was equally fond of hunting, he contrived to enjoy both these pleasures together, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him. Though Sophia had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough and masculine a nature, to suit with her disposition, yet she readily complied with his desires; for his word was a law to her; and she hoped, by her presence, to restrain his impetuosity, and prevent his so frequently hazarding his neck.

One day, when they were returning from the chace, and she was arrived within a small distance of Mr. Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider,

rider, began to prance and caper, in such a manner, that she was in the greatest danger of falling. *Tom Jones*, who saw this, galloped up to her assistance, leaped from his horse, and caught hold of her, by the bridle; when the unruly beast rearing himself on his hind legs, threw his lovely burthen, and *Tom* happily caught her in his arms.

Sophia was in such a fright, that she was not immediately able to satisfy her deliverer, whether she had received any hurt. She, however, soon after recovered her spirits, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. *Jones* replied, If I have preserved you, Madam, I am sufficiently repaid; for I assure you, I would have secured you from the least harm, at the expence of a much greater misfortune to myself than I have suffered. What misfortune, returned *Sophia* eagerly? Don't be concerned, Madam, answered *Jones*, heaven be praised, you have escaped so well, considering the danger you were in; I consider my breaking my arm as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared on your account. Broke your arm! Heaven forbid, cried *Sophia*! I am afraid I have,
Madam,

Madam, said *Jones*; but I have a right hand at your service, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a short walk to your father's house. The lovely *Sophia* seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was leading her with the other, turned pale, and trembled, so that *Jones* could scarce support her; and she could not refrain from giving him a look so full of tenderness, that it seemed to express even more than gratitude and pity alone could excite in the gentlest female bosom.

Mr. *Western*, who had been alarmed by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, now returned with the rest of the horsemen, when *Sophia* informing him of Mr. *Jones*'s misfortunes begged him to take care of him. He was overjoyed to find her unhurt, and cried, I am glad it is no worse. If *Tom* has broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend it again! The 'squire then alighted from his horse, and proceeded with them on foot to his own house. An impartial spectator, on viewing their several countenances, would have concluded, that *Sophia* alone was the object of compassion: For *Jones* exulted
in

in his having probably saved the life of the young lady, at the expence only of a broken bone, while Mr. *Western*, though not unconcerned at *Jones's* accident, was also greatly delighted at his daughter's escape. It is, however, certain, that this accident had a great effect on *Sophia*, for the generosity of her temper construed this behaviour into great bravery, and made a deep impression on her heart. At this very time the charming *Sophia* made no less impression on the heart of *Jones*, who had for some time become sensible of her irresistible power.

On their entering Mr. *Western's* hall, *Sophia*, who had tottered along with great difficulty, sunk down in a chair; but by the help of hartshorn and water, was prevented from fainting, and had pretty well recovered her spirits, when the surgeon, who was sent for to *Jones*, appeared. The 'squire, who imputed these symptoms to her fall, advised her being presently let blood, in which he was seconded by the surgeon. The lady, though she at first offered some objections, soon yielded to her father's command. The surgeon imputing the backwardness she had
shewn

shewn to her fears, assured her, that there was not the least danger, and *Sophia* declared, that she was not under any apprehensions; adding that if he opened an artery, she would forgive him. On which *Western* swore, that he would not, and that if he did her the least mischief, he would have his heart's blood. The surgeon assented to bleed her upon these conditions, and performed the operation with great dexterity and quickness; and her arm was no sooner bound up, than she retired; for she could not bear to be present at the operation on *Jones*. One objection she had to bleeding, though she did not make it, was the delay it would occasion to setting the broken bone; but when she was concerned, Mr. *Western* had no consideration for any but her.

The surgeon having caused his patient to be stripped to his shirt, and bared the arm, began to stretch and examine, in such a manner, that the tortures he put him to, caused him to make several wry faces, at which the surgeon seemed surprized, and declared it was impossible for him to hurt him. Then holding forth the broken arm, he held a long

and learned lecture, in which simple and double fractures were accurately considered. At length, having finished his laboured harangue, which raised the attention and admiration of the audience, though they did not understand a single word, he proceeded to business, and Mr. *Jones's* arm being set, he was ordered to bed; which Mr. *Western* compelled him to accept at his own house.

Mr. *Jones* had many visitors during his confinement. Mr. *Allworthy* saw him almost every day; but though he pitied his sufferings, and highly approved the gallant behaviour which occasioned them, yet he thought this a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sense of some follies, which he had committed. But this was done in the mildest and tenderest manner. Mr. *Bliffl* visited his friend *Jones*, but seldom, and never alone. He, however, professed much regard for him, and great concern at his misfortune. As for squire *Western*, he was seldom out of the sick-room, except when he was engaged, either in the field, or over his bottle; nay, he would sometimes have his beer brought into the room; and it was not without difficulty he was pre-

vented

vented from forcing *Jones* to drink with him ; for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general Panacea than this , which , he said , had more virtue in it , than was in all the physick in an apothecary's shop. But it was impossible to hinder him from serenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window ; nor did he ever lay aside the hallow , with which he entered into all companies , when he visited *Jones* , without considering whether he was asleep or awake. This boisterous behaviour , was , however , abundantly compensated , as soon as he was able to sit up , by the company of *Sophia* , whom the 'squire brought to visit him ; nor was it long before *Jones* was able to attend her to the harpsichord , where she kindly condescended , for hours together , to charm him with the most delicious musick , except when the 'squire insisted on *Sir Simon* , or some other of his old favourite tunes.

Though *Sophia* endeavoured to set the nicest guard on her behaviour , she could not avoid letting some appearances slip forth ; and what her lips concealed , her eyes , her blushes , and many little involuntary actions ,

betrayed. One day, Mrs. *Honor* coming into the room, entertained him with talking of her mistress, and reminded him that he had some time before taken up a muff which the young lady had given to her, and putting his hands into it, had kissed it with great fervour. This circumstance she acknowledged she had told to her lady, and added, that a day or two after, *Sophia* quarrelled with her new muff, gave it to her, took the old one; and wore it constantly upon her arm. This conversation, so pleasing to Mr. *Jones*, was interrupted by Mr. *Western*, who came to summon him to the harpichord. *Sophia* looked that evening with more than usual beauty, and it was no small addition to her charms, in Mr. *Jones's* eye, that she had now that very muff on her right arm. But as she was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, the muff falling over her fingers, put her out, which so disconcerted the 'squire, that he snatched it from her, and with a hearty curse, threw it into the fire. *Sophia* instantly started up, and with the utmost eagerness, recovered it from the flames. Trifling as this incident was, it had a violent effect

effect on poor *Jones*, *Sophia* took absolute possession of his heart. He plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him, and in return, loved her with an unbounded passion. Yet the assurance of its being returned, could not lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of her father, nor the horror and aversion he felt at the very idea of gaining her by any base or treacherous method. He now, therefore, resolved to conceal his passion, and appeared more reserved than ever to *Sophia*; but nature took equal pains to reveal his love. At her approach, he grew pale, and if it was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood rushed into his cheeks. If common civility obliged him to speak to her, his tongue was sure to falter; and if any discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the idea of love, an involuntary sigh seldom failed to steal from his bosom.

These symptoms did not escape the notice of *Sophia*, who soon perceived the agitations in *Jones's* mind, and was at no loss to discover the cause. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her mind two of the best affections, esteem and pity; for sure the most

outrageously rigid among her sex, will excuse her for pitying a man, whom she saw miserable on her account; nor can they blame her for esteeming one who visibly, from the most honourable motives, endeavoured to smother a flame that was preying on his own heart. Thus his backwardness, his shunning her, his coldness, and his silence, were the forwardest, the most diligent, the warmest, and most eloquent advocates; and she soon felt for him all those tender sensations, that can possess a virtuous and elevated female mind.

This young couple one day accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks that were bounded by that canal, in which Mr. Jones had formerly risked drowning, to recover *Sophia's* little bird. They were almost close together, before either of them knew of the other's approach. When Mr. Jones had a little recovered his first surprize, he accosted the young lady with the ordinary forms of salutation, which she, in the same manner, returned, and their conversation, as usual, began on the beauty of the morning. When they came to the tree whence he had fallen

fallen into the canal, *Sophia* could not help reminding him of that accident; and added, I fancy Mr. *Jones*, you have some little shuddering when you see that water: He assured her, that the concern she felt at the loss of her little bird, would always appear to him the principal circumstance in that adventure. Poor little *Tommy*! said he, there is the branch he stood upon. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly from that state of happiness in which I had the honour to place him? His fate was a just punishment for his ingratitude. Upon my word, Mr. *Jones*, returned she, your gallantry very narrowly escaped as severe a fate. Sure the remembrance must affect you. Indeed madam, said he, if I have any reason to reflect on it with sorrow, it is, perhaps, that the water was not a little deeper, by which I might have escaped many bitter heart-achs that fortune seems to have in store for me. Fy, Mr. *Jones*, said *Sophia*, this affected contempt of life is only an excess of that complaisance, by which you would endeavour to lessen the obligation of having twice hazarded it for my sake. Beware the third time. These last

words she spoke with a smile and inexpressible softness. *Jones* observed, with a sigh, that he feared it was already too late for a caution; and looking tenderly and stedfastly on her, added, O Miss *Western*, Can you desire me to live? Can you wish me so ill? *Sophia*, casting down her eyes, answered, with some hesitation, indeed, Mr. *Jones*, I don't wish you ill. O I know too well that heavenly temper, returned he, that divine goodness, which is beyond every other charm. Nay, now, said she, I don't understand you — I can stay no longer. *Jones* observed, that he would not be understood, that he knew not what he said, and begged her to pardon him, if he had said any thing to offend her. In return, she acknowledged, that she was not offended, and desired him to let her make the best of her way into the house, to which he instantly conducted her.

C H A P. V.

Mr. Allworthy is taken ill, and the Behaviour of Mr. Blifil and Mr. Jones on that Occasion. The Death of Mrs. Blifil. Jones's extravagant Behaviour, on learning from the Physician, that Mr. Allworthy was out of Danger.

THOUGH Mr. Jones's arm had been long cured, Mr. Western became so fond of him, that he was unwilling to lose his company, and the youth was easily persuaded to continue at his house, which he sometimes did for a fortnight together, without paying a single visit at Mr. Allworthy's. That gentleman had been, for some days, indisposed with a cold, attended with a slight fever, which being neglected, the fever increased so much, as to oblige him to send for a physician, who, on his first arrival, shook his head, wished that he had been sent for sooner, and intimated, that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy having settled all his affairs in this world, and being as well prepared as it was possible for

human nature to be, for the other, received this information with great calmness and sincerity, and immediately gave orders for all his family to be summoned round him. None of them were abroad but Mrs. *Blifl*, who had been some time in *London*, and Mr. *Jones*, who received this summons just as *Sophia* had left him, and instantly stepping into the chariot that was sent for him, ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haste, the idea of Mr. *Allworthy's* danger driving all thoughts of love out of his head.

The good man having now all his family assembled round his bed, sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when *Blifl* fell to blubbering, and began to express very loud and bitter lamentations. Whereupon Mr. *Allworthy* shaking him by the hand, said, Don't grieve thus, my dear nephew, at the most common of all human occurrences. When misfortunes befall our friends, we are justly grieved, for those might frequently be avoided; but death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common lot, in which alone the fortunes of all men agree. It is my
fate

fate to leave it in the evening of life ; but those who are taken away earlier, have only lost a few hours, at the best, little worth lamenting ; which are generally hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and sorrow. Grieve therefore no more, my dear child, on this occasion ; an event which may happen every hour, which every element, nay, almost every particle of matter that surrounds us, is capable of producing, and which must, and will, most unavoidably, reach us at last, ought neither to occasion our surprize, nor our lamentation.

My physician having informed me, that I am in danger of leaving you all very shortly, I have determined to say a few words to you, at this our parting, concerning my will, which, though I have settled long ago, I think proper to mention such heads of it, as concern any of you. He then told Mr. *Blifil*, that he had left him his whole estate, except five hundred a year, and some sums of money. Then addressing himself to Mr. *Jones*, he told him, that he had left him an estate of five hundred a year ; and as he knew the inconvenience attending the want of ready money,

money, had added a thousand pounds in specie. In this, says he, I know not whether I have exceeded or fallen short of your expectations. You, perhaps, will think I have given you too little, and the world will be as ready to censure me for giving you too much; but the latter censure I despise, and as to the former, it must be confessed, that instead of raising gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are apt to raise demands that are the most boundless, and the most difficult to satisfy. Pardon me the bare mention of this, I will not suspect any such thing.

Jones threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and eagerly seizing his hand, assured him that his goodness, both now, and at all other times, had so infinitely exceeded, not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could express his sense of it. And, I assure you, Sir, added he, your present generosity has left me no other concern than for the present melancholy occasion — O my friend! my father! He could utter no more, but turned away his head to hide his tears. Mr. *Allworthy*, squeezing his hand, cried, I am convinced, my child, that you
have

have much generosity and honour in your temper; if you will add to these prudence and religion, you must be happy. The former qualities make you worthy of happiness, but the latter alone, will put you in possession of it.

Here a footman came hastily into the room, and said, there was an attorney from *Salisbury*, who had a particular message, which he said, he must communicate to Mr. *Allworthy* himself. That gentleman desired Mr. *Bliffl* to see what the gentleman wanted; and observing that he was fatigued, said, he should be now glad to compose himself a little, on which they left the room.

Jones was the last man who deserted the room, whence he retired to his own apartment, to give vent to his concern; but the restlessness of his mind, not permitting him to remain long there, he slipped softly to Mr. *Allworthy's* door, where he listened a considerable time, but heard nothing but a violent snoring, which his fears at last, misrepresented as groans, and at which he became so alarmed, that he could not forbear entering the room, where he found the good man
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in a sweet composed sleep, and his nurse snooring at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of silencing her, and then sitting down by her, remained motionless, till at length, the Doctor and Mr. *Blifil*, entered the room, when the former declared, after feeling his patient's pulse, that he was much better, and that the last application had succeeded to a miracle, so that the danger appeared to be over.

Mr. *Allworthy* had no sooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for these hopes of his recovery, than Mr. *Blifil* drew near, and with a very dejected aspect, applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and informed his uncle, that his mother was dead at *Salisbury*; for having been seized on the road home with the gout in her head and stomach, it had carried her off in a few hours. Mr. *Allworthy* received the news with concern, with patience, and with resignation, and dropping a tender tear, cried the Lord's Will be done in every thing.

When *Jones* heard *Blifil* tell his uncle the above particulars, he could hardly contain

tain his anger at the other's indiscretion, especially as the Doctor shook his head, and expressed his unwillingness to have it communicated to his patient; but soon finding that this news produced no effect, he suffered his anger to die in his bosom, without ever mentioning it to *Bliffl*. The physician, who dined that day at Mr. *Allworthy's*, having visited his patient after dinner, returned to the company, and told them he had now the satisfaction to assure them, that his patient was out of all danger; and as he had brought the fever to a perfect intermission, he did not doubt, but that by throwing in the bark, he should prevent its return. At which *Jones* was so transported, that he might be justly said to be drunk with joy, an intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine, and as he drank many bumpers to the Doctor's health, as well as other toasts, he soon became literally drunk; and having naturally violent animal spirits, this produced most extravagant effects: He kissed the Doctor, protesting, that next to Mr. *Allworthy*, he loved him better than any man living. Doctor, added he, you deserve to have

have your statue erected at the publick expence, for having preserved a man, who is not only the darling of all good men who know him, but a blessing to society, the glory of his country, an honour to human nature, and whom I love better than my own soul. More shame for you, cried *Thwackum*, though I think you have reason to love him; for he has provided well for you. *Jones*, regarding *Thwackum* with disdain, answered, Does thy mean soul imagine, that any such considerations could weigh with me? No let the earth open and swallow her own dirt (if I had a million of acres I would say it) rather than swallow up my dear glorious friend. The Doctor now interposed, and prevented the effects of a quarrel between *Jones* and *Thwackum*; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, and sung two or three amorous songs; and was so far from being disposed to quarrel, that he was, if possible, ten times better humoured than when sober.

Mr. *Blift* was, however, highly offended with this behaviour, which he bore with great impatience, as he justly thought it ve-

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ry indecent at this season, when, as he said, the house was a house of mourning, on account of his dear mother; and if it had pleased heaven to give him some prospect of Mr. *Allworthy's* recovery, it would become him better to express the exultation of his heart in thanksgiving, than in riot and drunkenness. *Jones* being instantly struck with the justness of the rebuke, offered to shake Mr. *Bliffl* by the hand, and begged his pardon; saying, his excessive joy for Mr. *Allworthy's* recovery, had driven every other thought out of his mind. *Bliffl*, refusing his hand, observed that he did not wonder tragical spectacles had no effect on the blind; but for his part, he had the misfortune to know who were his parents, and could not help being affected with their loss. At this, *Jones* hastily leaping from his chair, caught *Bliffl* by the collar, and calling him rascal, asked him, if he insulted him with the misfortunes of his birth? accompanying these words with such rough actions, as roused Mr. *Bliffl's* temper, and a scuffle ensued, that might have produced mischief, had it not been prevented by the interposition of

Thwackum and the physician; on which they vented their wrath in threats and defiance; but at length, by the mediation of the neutral parties, a truce was agreed on, and the whole company again sat down at the table, where *Jones* being prevailed on to ask pardon, and *Bliss* to give it, peace was restored.

C H A P. VI.

A Proposal to marry Miss Sophia to Mr. Blifil. That lady discovers her Passion for Mr. Jones. The unhappy Consequences, with respect to that Lady.

AT this time Mr. *Western* had, at his house, his sister, who had spent the greatest part of her time about the court, and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions. Besides, reading all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances, in which she was a critick, this lady, who was an old maid, made a discovery of something in the mind of *Sophia*; and having taken it into her head that she was in love with Mr. *Blifil*, resolved to communicate the affair to her brother, and told him, that she was never more deceived in her life, if her niece was not desperately in love. How, in love! cries *Western*, in a passion, in love, without acquainting me! I'll disinheret her, I'll turn her stark naked out of doors. Is all my kindness vor ur, and vondness come to this, to fall in love with-

out asking my leave! But you won't, answered Mrs. *Western*, turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself wish, I hope you would not be angry then? No, no; cries *Western*, if she marries the man I would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases. She then mentioned Mr. *Blifil*, and related some circumstances, which she imagined confirmed her opinion; on which the 'squire expressed his satisfaction, and added, that he knew *Sophia* was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make him angry.

The 'squire was so impatient to communicate the proposal to Mr. *Allworthy*, that Mrs. *Western*, had the utmost difficulty to prevent his visiting that gentleman, before he had recovered from his illness. Mean while *Sophia* having from obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, some apprehensions of that lady's suspecting her passion for *Jones*, she resolved to put an entire constraint on her behaviour; and Mr. *Allworthy*, as soon as he

he was recovered, paying them a visit, *Sophia*, while at dinner, addressed her whole discourse to *Bliffl*, without taking the least notice of *Jones* all day. The 'squire was so delighted with this conduct, that instead of eating, he spent almost the whole time of dinner, in conveying signs of his approbation, by winks and nods to his sister. Dinner being over, and Mr. *Western* thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his sister had told him, took Mr. *Allworthy* aside, and very bluntly proposed the match between *Sophia* and young Mr. *Bliffl*.

Mr. *Allworthy* heard him without any visible emotion, or alteration of countenance; but said the alliance was such, as he sincerely wished; then launched forth into very just encomiums on the young lady's merit, acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and thanking him for his good opinion of his nephew, concluded with observing, that he should be very desirous to compleat the affair, if the young people liked each other. Mr. *Western*, answered, parents were the best judges of proper matches for their children, and that he should insist on

the most resigned obedience from his daughter. Mr. *Allworthy* declared, that he had no doubt, but that Mr. *Blifil* would gladly receive the offer, and made many eulogiums on *Sophia*, the 'squire only replying, I'll say no more — I humbly hope there's no harm, that's all — which he repeated at least a hundred times before they parted.

Mr. *Allworthy* had no sooner returned home, than taking Mr. *Blifil* aside, he communicated to him Mr. *Western's* proposal, and at the same time let him know, how agreeable this match would be to himself. *Blifil* answered, that he had not yet thought of matrimony, but was so sensible of his friendly and paternal care, that he would, in every thing, submit to his pleasure. Mr. *Allworthy* being naturally a man of spirit, was not greatly pleased with this cold answer; and could not help launching forth in the praises of Miss *Sophia*, and expressing his surprize at a young man's heart being insensible to the force of such charms, unless influenced by a prior affection. *Blifil* assured him that was not the case, and then discoursed so wisely on love and marriage, as to convince his uncle,

cle, that he had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds, is the sure foundation of friendship and love.

Meanwhile Mrs. *Western* entered *Sophia's* chamber, and after some introductory discourse, entered on the subject of love, told her, she had not a thought which she was not thoroughly acquainted with; for though she had been able to impose on her father, she could not impose on her; and seeing her blushes, told her, it was not a passion she need be ashamed of — It was a passion she herself approved, and had already obtained her father's approbation of it, and that very afternoon her father had appointed her to see her lover. He is a charming fellow, added she, that's the truth on't. Nay, I will own, answered *Sophia*, I know none with such perfections, so brave, and yet so gentle; so wit-ty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his being base born, when compared with qualifications like these? Base born! What do you mean? said the aunt; Mr. *Blifil* base born! *Sophia* turned pale, faintly repeating the word, *Blifil*! Mr. *Blifil*, aye, Mr. *Blifil*, cried Mrs.

Western, of whom else have we been talking? Good Heavens, returned *Sophia*, ready to sink, of Mr. *Jones* I thought. I am sure, I know of no other who deserves — I protest, cries the aunt, you frighten me; is it possible you can think of disgracing your family, by an alliance with a Bastard? If you have not sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family, would have prevented your giving the least encouragement to so base an affection; much less did I imagine, you would ever have the assurance to own it to my face. What I have said, Madam, answered *Sophia*, you have extorted from me; and whatever were my thoughts of that poor unfortunate man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave, — to that grave, where I now find I am only to seek repose. And I would rather, cried her aunt, in a violent rage, follow you to your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your family by such a match. Here she run on for a full quarter of an hour, and at last concluded, with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother. At this *Sophia* threw her-

herself at her feet, and seizing her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and protesting, that she would never do any thing to offend him. Mrs. *Western* stood for a moment, looking at her, and having recollected herself, told her, that on one consideration, she would keep the secret, which was, her promising to entertain Mr. *Blifil* that very afternoon as her lover. To this, *Sophia* was obliged to consent, and Mrs. *Western* having assured her, that the match was fully agreed upon, nothing could or should prevent it.

In the afternoon, Mr. *Western*, for the first time, informed his daughter of his intention, telling her, he knew she had heard of it before from her aunt. *Sophia* looked very grave, and could not prevent tears from stealing from her eyes. Come, come, said Mr. *Western*, none of your maidenish airs. Mr. *Blifil* is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up, I expect *un* every minute. *Sophia* resolved to go through that disagreeable afternoon, with as much reso-

lution as possible, without giving her father the least suspicion.

Soon after, Mr. *Blifl* arrived, and Mr. *Western* withdrawing, left the young couple together. After a long silence of near a quarter of an hour, he broke into a torrent of far-fetched, high strained compliments, which *Sophia* answered, by down-cast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. *Blifl* took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship, and when, to shorten a scene which was painful to her, she rose and left the room, he imputed that too, merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company: For he concluded, her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a first visit from her lover; and it entirely answered his expectations.

Mr. *Western*, taking care to meet him as he went out, found him so satisfied with his reception, that he began to caper and dance about the hall, for he never had the least command of his passions: and after many hearty embraces, he went in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than

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he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased, and declared, that he had no other use for his fortune, but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was the only joy he had on earth. *Sophia*, observing her father in this fit of affection, of which she did not know the cause, thought she should never have a better opportunity of opening her mind than at present; therefore, after thanking him for all his professions of kindness, she added, and is it possible my papa can be so good, as to place all his joy in his *Sophia's* happiness? which *Western* having confirmed by a great oath and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after the warmest profession of duty, begged him not to make her the most miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. O Sir, continued she, not only your poor *Sophy's* happiness, but her very life depends on your granting this request. I can't live with Mr. *Bliffl*. To force me into this marriage, would be killing me.

me. You can't live with Mr. *Bliffl*! Then you may die if you please, cried he, spurning her from him. O Sir, cried *Sophia*, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, can you be unmoved while you see your *Sophy* in this condition? Can the best of fathers kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death? Pooh! pooh! cried the 'squire, all stuff and nonsense, all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you? O Sir, answered *Sophia*, such a marriage is worse than death. I hate and detest him. — If you hate un never so much, cries *Western*, you shall ha' un. I am resolved upon the match; and unless you consent to it, I'll not give you a groat; not a single farthing: No, though I saw you starving in the street. I would not give you a morsel of bread, and so I'll leave you to consider of it. He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor, and burst directly out of the room, leaving the poor lady prostrate on the ground.

On Mr. *Western*'s entering the hall, he found *Jones*, to whom he lamented the misery of all fathers, who were so unfortunate

as to have daughters; then bidding him go and try what he could do with her, in persuading her to marry *Blifil*, swore many dreadful oaths, that unless she consented to the match, he would turn her out of doors.

Mr. *Jones*, on entering the room, found her risen from the floor, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He ran to her, and with a voice of mingled tenderness and terror, endeavoured to give her comfort. He addressed her with the utmost tenderness, while she entreated him to leave her, and in return, he let her know that he had been sent by her father to be an advocate for his odious rival; and prevailed on her to promise that she would never give herself to *Blifil*.

Soon after *Jones* had left Mr. *Western*, his sister came to him, and was soon informed of all that had passed between her brother and *Sophia*; on which she told him of her being in love with *Jones*. At this he seemed as if thunder-struck, and stood for some time silent; then discharged a volley of oaths and imprecations; after which he proceeded hastily to the apartment where he expected to find

find the lovers, roaring at every step, his intentions of revenge.

The lovers stood silent and trembling; when hearing the noise of Mr. *Western*, who came swearing, cursing, and vowing the destruction of *Jones*, she turned pale; and on the 'squires bursting open the door, he beheld an object, which instantly suspended all his fury. This was the ghastly appearance of *Sophia*, who had fainted away in her lover's arms, which Mr. *Western* no sooner saw, than he roared for help with the utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to *Sophia*. Mrs. *Western* and the servants soon came to her assistance, with water and cordials, which were applied with such success, that in a few minutes, *Sophia* returned to life, and was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. *Western*. The 'squire now relapsing into his former phrenzy, a battle must have ensued, had not parson *Supple* held the 'squire. *Jones* had advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr. *Western*, whom the parson held in his arms, begging him to be pacified. I will have satisfaction
o'thee,

o'thee, cried the 'squire, so doff thy clothes, and I'll lick thee as well as wast ever lick'd in thy life. He then bespattered the youth with abundance of abusive language, and ordered him to kiss a part we don't think proper to mention. *Jones* calmly answered, This usage, Sir, may, perhaps, cancel the obligations you have conferred on me, but I will not be provoked by your abuse, to lift my hand against *Sophia's* father. At these words, the 'squire grew still more outrageous, so that the parson begged *Jones* to retire, and to defer what he had to say in his own behalf to some other opportunity. *Jones* accepted this advice, and immediately departed; when the 'squire having regained the liberty of his hands, declared, that he should certainly have beat out the rogue's brains, and that it would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a rascal.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. Allworthy being exasperated by Mr. Western and Mr. Blifil, turns Jones out of his House.

MR. *Allworthy* had just received an account from Mr. *Blifil* of his successful visit to *Sophia*, when Mr. *Western* broke abruptly in upon them, and without the least ceremony, cried, You have brought up your bastard to a fine purpose: Not that I believe you had any hand in it neither; but there's a fine kettle of fish made of it up at our house. Mr. *Allworthy* asked, what was the matter. Matter enough, of all conscience, cried *Western*; my daughter has fallen in love with your bastard, that's all; but I won't give her a halfpenny, not the twentieth part of a brass farthing. I always thought what would come o' breeding up a bastard like a gentleman, and letting him come to *volks* houses. Its well *vor un*, I could not get at *un*, I'd a lick'd *un* well. The fellow was always good at finding a hare sitting, rot *un*, I little thought what pufs he was looking after; but
it

it shall be the worst he ever *wound* in his life. She shall be no better than carrion, her skin is all he shall *ha'*, and so you may tell'n. Mr. *Allworthy* expressed his surprize, and wished Mr. *Western* had not given him so many opportunities with her. Why, zounds, cried *Western*, who could have thought it? What the devil had she to do wi' un. He did not come there a courting to her, he came there a hunting with me. But was it possible, said Mr. *Allworthy*, that you should never discover any signs of love between them? Never, in my life, as I hope to be saved, cried *Western*. I never so much as feed him kiss her in all my life. At this Mr. *Allworthy* smiled, and asked Mr. *Western*, What he would have him do? To which he answered, he would have him keep the rascal away from his house, and he would go and lock up the wench, for she should marry Mr. *Blifl* in spite of her teeth. He then shook *Blifl* by the hand, swore he should be his son-in-law, and took his leave.

A long silence now ensued between Mr. *Allworthy* and *Blifl*. At length his uncle asked him, what he determined to do. *Bli-*

fil, here observed, that by marrying her, he should promote the happiness of every party. Her father would be preserved from the highest degree of misery, and the lady saved from ruin; for, indeed, *Jones* was one of the worst men in the world; and had his dear uncle known what he had endeavoured to conceal, he must have long ago abandoned so profligate a wretch. Mr. *Allworthy* here insisted on his telling him what *Jones* had done, while *Blifil*, to increase his curiosity, endeavoured to excuse his mentioning it; till at last, Mr. *Allworthy* insisted on his telling all he knew. *Blifil*, then said, he is a debauched young fellow, without principle, gratitude, or affection. On the very day of your utmost danger, added he, when myself, and all the family were in tears, he filled the house with riot and debauchery. He drank, sung, and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his behaviour, he fell into a violent passion, called me rascal, and struck me. How, cried Mr. *Allworthy*, did he dare to strike you? O Sir, cried *Blifil*, I have forgiven him that long ago; and now, Sir, since I have unadvisedly drop-

dropped a hint of this affair, and your commands have obliged me to discover the whole, let me intercede with you for him. O child, said Mr. *Allworthy*, I know not whether I should blame or applaud your goodness, in concealing such a villain a moment. But where is Mr. *Thwackum*, who, I suppose, was present. *Thwackum* was instantly sent for, and corroborated every circumstance, and concluded with declaring, that he should long since have informed him of the whole, had not Mr. *Blifil*, by the most earnest entreaties, prevented him. He is, said he, an excellent youth, though his forgiveness of such an enemy was carrying the matter too far.

As Mr. *Allworthy* would never punish any one in a passion, he delayed passing sentence on *Jones* till the afternoon. The unhappy young man attended at dinner; but his heart was too oppressed to suffer him to eat, and his grief was increased by the unkind looks of his benefactor, whence he concluded, that Mr. *Western* had discovered the whole affair, but had not the least suspicion of *Blifil's* treachery. When dinner was over,

and the servants had left the room, Mr. *Allworthy* set forth, in a long speech, the faults of which *Jones* had been guilty. particularly those, which that day had brought to light; and concluded with telling him, that unless he could clear himself of the charge, he was resolved to banish him from his sight for ever.

Poor *Jones* laboured under many disadvantages, and indeed, hardly knew his accusation; for as Mr. *Allworthy*, in mentioning his drunkenness, while he lay ill, out of modesty, sunk every thing that related particularly to himself, *Jones* could not deny the charge. Besides, his heart was already almost broken; he therefore acknowledged the whole, and observed, that though he must own himself guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deserve, what would be to him, the greatest punishment in the world. Mr. *Allworthy* replied, that he had forgiven him too often already, in compassion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment; but found that he was so abandoned, that it would be criminal to support and encourage him; and that his audacious attempt, to steal away the young lady,

lady, called upon him to justify his own character, in punishing him. However, as he had educated him like a child of his own, he would not turn him naked into the world; and then giving him a paper, told him, that he would find something in that, which might enable him, with industry, to get an honest livelihood; but if he employed it to worse purposes, he should not think himself obliged to give him any farther supply. A flood of tears now gushed from *Jones's* eyes; and it was some time before he was able to obey *Mr. Allworthy's* peremptory commands of departing, which he at length did, after eagerly kissing that gentleman's hand.

C H A P. VIII.

Jones's Distress. In the midst of which he loses what he had received from Mr. Allworthy. He writes to Sophia, and sets off for Bristol; but meeting with a Company of Soldiers, resolves to turn Volunteer. Is wounded by the Ensign, and frightens a Centinel.

*J*ones, on his setting out, walked above a mile, without regarding whither he went, when his way being obstructed by a brook, he threw himself down by its side, and fell into the most violent agonies of grief and despair, tearing his hair, and behaving like one entirely deprived of the use of his reason. Having thus vented the first emotions of his passion, he began to come to himself; and his grief discharged itself in a gentler way, till he, at last, became cool enough to consider what steps were proper for him to take. The thoughts of leaving *Sophia*, almost rent his heart asunder, but the consideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, made him at last resolve, rather to quit her, than to pursue her

her to her ruin. A glowing warmth filled his breast, on the first contemplation of this victory over his passion ; but this satisfaction was only momentary ; *Sophia* soon returned to his imagination , and allayed the joy of his triumph. He resolved to write her a farewell letter, and accordingly proceeded to a house at a small distance , where , in very affecting terms, he took a final leave of her, and even begged, that she would forget him.

On searching his pocket for wax, he found none, nor indeed any thing else ; for, in the phrenzy which had seized him, he had tossed every thing from him, and even the pocket book he received from Mr. *Allworthy*, which he had never opened, and which now, first occurred to his memory. The house supplied him with a wafer, and having sealed his letter, he hastened back towards the brook, in order to search for what he had lost. In his way he met with black *George*, who heartily condoled him on his misfortunes, which had already reached the ears of all the neighbourhood. *Jones* there informed the game-keeper of his loss, and he readily went back with him to the brook, where they searched every tuft

of grass, as well where *Jones* had not been, as where he had, but all to no purpose; for *Jones* omitted to search the pockets of *George*, who had just before found them; and being apprized of their worth, the pocket-book containing notes of five hundred pounds value, had the baseness to put up every thing he found for his own use.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loss, and therefore delivered him the letter to carry to *Sophia*, which he safely delivered. And *Sophia* being told at the same time, by her maid, that *Jones* had been turned out doors, she hastily sent him her purse, which contained all the money she had, which was delivered to black *George*, who after several debates with himself, between his conscience and his avarice, at last gave it to *Jones*.

Mr. *Jones* now set out without minding where he went, till at last, finding that he was in the road to *Bristol*, he resolved to go thither, being determined to seek his fortune at sea. However, having missed his way, and it growing dark, he put up at a publick house, where he had not sat long, before a company of foot, who were marching
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against the rebels, thundered at the door; and being informed that they expected to be commanded by the duke of *Cumberland*, *Jones*, who had some heroic ingredients in his composition, resolved to serve as a volunteer in this expedition. The next day, he travelled in company with the soldiers, and when they arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening, the serjeant introduced him to the lieutenant, who observing his genteel figure, and that he had a remarkable air of dignity, politely told him, that he should gladly receive a gentleman, who promised to do much honour to the company; then shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers. The lieutenant had great merit as a soldier, and was an honest, good-natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

After dinner it came to *Jones's* turn to give a toast, when he could not forbear mentioning his dear *Sophia*, which he did the more readily, as he imagined it impossible

for any one present to know whom he meant. The lieutenant, however, insisted on her sur-name, upon which, after a little hesitation, he named Miss *Sophia Western*. Upon this, ensign *Northerton*, one of the company, declared, that he knew one *Sophy Western*, who had but a very indifferent character at *Bath*; and perhaps this is the same woman. *Jones* asserted, that the young lady he named, was one of great fashion and fortune. Aye, aye, says the ensign, and so she is; and I'll hold half a dozen of *Burgundy*, *Tom French*, of our regiment, brings her into company with us, at any tavern in *Bridges-street*.

Jones desired that he would chuse some other subject for his wit, assuring him, that he would not bear jesting with that lady's character. The other asserting that he was in earnest, *Jones* called him an impudent rascal, on which the ensign, uttering a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at *Jones's* head, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him to the ground.

The ensign, perceiving him lie motionless, and the blood flowing plentifully from the wound, began to think of making his escape;

escape; but the lieutenant stopped him at the door. *Northerton* begged he would let him go, protesting, that he was but in jest, and had never heard any harm of Miss *Western* in his life. Upon which the lieutenant told him, that he deserved to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon, and had him immediately secured by a file of musqueteers, and a surgeon was sent for, who, on his arrival examined the wound, and ordered his patient instantly to bed.

In the evening, the lieutenant paid Mr. *Jones* a visit, who telling him that he felt no other inconvenience from his wound, but an extreme soreness on that side of the head, and should have been up, had it not been for the orders of the surgeon to the contrary; he was told that he must take satisfaction of *Northerton*, on which he desired to have that determined immediately; but to this the lieutenant objected, on account of the great quantity of blood he had lost. However, in the middle of the night, *Jones*, being unable to sleep, and finding that he should lose his honour if he did not attempt

tempt to obtain satisfaction for the injury he had received, resolved to dispatch this affair immediately; and therefore sending for the serjeant, bought a sword of him, and immediately dressing himself, softly opened his door; for it being now twelve o' clock, all were asleep, except the centinel, who stood to guard *Northerton*, and issued forth, dressed in a light-coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face missed that blood, and twenty ounces more, drawn from him, by the surgeon, and was very pale. Round his head was a quantity of bandages, in his right hand, he carried a drawn sword, and in the left a candle. The centinel, on seeing this figure approach, trembled, his knees fell to blows with each other, and firing his piece, he fell flat on his face. *Jones* smiling at his fright, passed by him, and entered the room where *Northerton* had been confined; but finding it empty, for he had escaped, by getting up the chimney, he called *Northerton* several times; when perceiving that the bird was flown, and apprehending that the report of the fire-lock would alarm the whole house, he blew out his candle,

stole

stole back again to his chamber, and returned to his bed.

The hall where the centinel was posted, was instantly half full of people; some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, enquiring of each other, what was the matter. The centinel continuing in the same posture, several endeavoured to raise him up, when struggling with those who laid their hands on him, he fell to roaring like a bull; for his imagination being possessed with the horrid idea of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into ghouls and spectres. But candles being brought in, he came a little to himself, and then declared, with the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign *Northerton* was. Though this story gained great credit, there were some of the soldiers, who were not of such easy belief, and the soldier was confined, in order to be punished, for sleeping and dreaming when upon duty.

Jones

Jones had lain awake all the while, and having heard great part of the noise and bustle, was desirous of knowing the particulars, and therefore applied to his bell; but it was a long time before the servants dared to come to him, till at last they entered altogether, when, to their great surprize, instead of finding him dead, he desired to speak with the lieutenant, who instantly complying with his request, and sitting down on his bedside, informed him of the scene which had happened below, and that he should make an example of the centinel. Upon this *Jones* related the whole truth, and earnestly begged that the poor soldier might not be punished; who, he believed was as innocent of the ensign's escape, as he was of sleeping; and to this the lieutenant immediately consented.

C H A P. IX.

Jones meets with Partridge, his reputed Father, who resolves to accompany him. An Adventure in which our Hero saves the Life of an old Man.

IN the morning early the soldiers departed, leaving directions with *Jones* to follow them; and some time after he was visited by the surgeon, who insisted on bleeding him again. *Jones* absolutely refused to permit him; at which the surgeon was so entaged, that he refused to dress his wound, and left him. The surgeon being gone, *Jones* had a sound sleep of seven hours, and awaked in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his port-manteau, which had been sent after him by a man and horse; then putting on clean linen and a suit of clothes, went down into the kitchen, and eat a hearty dinner. *Jones* then sent for a barber, when a very humorous diverting fellow appeared, and entertained him with scraps of Latin, and abundance of merry jokes. Mr. *Jones* being
pleased

pleased with his company, invited him to drink part of a bottle of wine; and afterwards finding that he had some knowledge in surgery, desired him to examine the wound, which having done, he told him, it would require a great deal of art to keep him from being well after a very few dressings; and if he would suffer him to apply some of his salve, he would answer for its success.

Mr. Jones now engaged the barber-surgeon to give him an account of his life, when the honest fellow let him know, with a very solemn air, that he had been his greatest enemy. Jones expressed great amazement, when he asked him, if he never heard of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed his father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour. Jones observed, that he had heard of him, and always thought himself his son. Well, Sir, answered Benjamin, I am that Partridge, but here absolve you from all filial duty; for, I assure you, you are none of mine; and though it is natural enough for men to hate, even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper, and have loved you ever since I have heard

heard of your behaviour to black *George*; and am convinced from our thus meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on your account. *Jones* expressed the satisfaction it would give him, to make him full amends for his sufferings; but that he could see no likelihood of its ever being in his power. 'Tis in your power, sure enough, replied *Partridge*, for I desire nothing more than to attend you in this expedition, which I have so set my heart upon, that if you refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath. *Jones* gave his consent, but taking out his purse, shewed him his whole stock, and let him know, that he was unable to support him; on which *Partridge* said, he believed he was the richer man, and that all he had was at his service. insisting upon his taking the whole; but to this *Jones* would by no means submit. *Partridge* then proposed, that as the portmanteau was too cumbersome to be carried without a horse, it should be left behind at his house, and that he should take out only a few shirts for his present use.

Early the next morning, *Partridge* appeared at *Jones's* bed-side, with his knap-sack at his back, ready equipped for their march. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he added eight of *Mr. Jones's*, and was departing towards his own house with the portmanteau, when he was stopped by the landlady, who refused to let it go till the reckoning was paid. However, the bill being soon wrote and discharged, the portmanteau was safely deposited, and they set forward on foot, *Partridge* carrying the knap-sack.

Mr. Jones and *Partridge* dined at the Bell in *Gloucester*, and from thence set out, very much against *Partridge's* inclination, towards the evening, and though the former complained very much of the sharpness of the weather, *Jones* still proceeded forwards by the light of the moon, till they came to the bottom of a very steep hill, which *Jones* resolved to ascend, and *Partridge* prepared to follow him, for being a great coward he did not dare to stay alone. But they had not ascended far, when they espied a glimmering light through some trees; when, by the earnest solicitations of

of *Partridge*, they walked directly towards the place whence the light issued, and found a cottage, where, after much knocking, an old woman at length opened an upper casement, and after many entreaties, was induced, by the promise of half a crown, to open the door; when to the infinite joy of *Partridge*, he found a good fire: The old woman, who made a strange appearance, endeavoured to hasten their departure, for fear they should be found by her master, whom she expected home every minute, while Mr. *Jones*, being surprized at seeing the house furnished with the utmost neatness, and adorned with curiosities that might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso, protracted his stay, in hopes of seeing the master, though both the old woman and *Partridge* continually importuned him to depart; for the latter, being extremely superstitious, was firmly persuaded that they were in company with a witch. At length the old woman, with terror in her countenance, declared that she heard her master's signal, and at the same instant, several voices were heard without the door, uttering curses, and crying, *shew us your money*

this instant; Your money, you villain, or we will blow out your brains. *Jones* seeing a pair of pistols, asked if they were loaded; on which the old woman begged they would not murder her, to which he made no answer, but snatching an old broad sword, which hung in the room, instantly sallied out, and found the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy; when asking no questions, he attacked them so briskly with the broad sword, that the fellows quitting their hold, betook themselves to their heels, crying, with bitter oaths, that they were dead men. *Jones* then lifted up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the skuffle, expressing great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. When finding that he was unhurt, but was not without apprehensions, Mr. *Jones* told him, that they were his friends, and that having missed their way, that cold night, they had taken the liberty of warming themselves at his fire, and were just departing when they heard him call for assistance, which Providence alone seemed to have sent him. Providence indeed, cries the old gentleman,
if

if it be so. — So it is, I assure you, cried *Jones*. Here, Sir, is your own sword; I have used it in your defence, and now return it into your own hand. The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, cried, You have been my deliverer, indeed; and then invited him into the house.

C H A P. X.

Jones delivers a Woman from the hands of a Russian; takes her to an Inn, and is tempted to go to Bed to her. Sophia arrives at the same Inn, and by leaving her Muff, makes him sensible of her being acquainted with his Infidelity. He obtains Sophia's Pocket-book, in which is a Bank Bill; and afterwards is attacked by a Highwayman, who excites his compassion.

Jones and *Partridge* spent the night with the old man, and the next morning walked, in company with the stranger, to the top of the hill, when they had one of the most noble prospects in the world. They then walked

to that part of the hill which looks to the northwest, and hangs over a vast and extensive wood, where they no sooner arrived, than they heard at a distance, the screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. *Jones* listened a moment, and then without saying a word to his companions, slid down the hill, and made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued: but had not proceeded far in the wood before he beheld a woman, stripped half naked, struggling with a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree, when flying at the villain, he made such use of his oaken stick, that he laid him on the ground, nor did he cease his blows till the woman begged him to forbear; and falling on her knees, gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance.

The ruffian on the ground now beginning to move, *Jones* took the garter which had been intended for a very different purpose, and tied both his hands behind him. He then looked in his face, and to his great surprize found that he was no other, than ensign *Northerton*, who immediately knew him, and

and with the utmost arrogance demanded satisfaction for such an insult upon a man of honour. *Jones* told him it did not become such a villain to contaminate the name of honour; but that he would deliver him up to justice. Then turning to the woman, asked her if she was near home, or knew any body in the neighbourhood where she might procure herself decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace. She answered, that she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. *Jones* then stepping out of the wood, soon perceived the old man sitting on the brow of the hill, and ascended it with the utmost agility. The old man advised him to take the woman to Upton, where he might furnish her with all manner of conveniencies, and directing him to the place, *Jones* took his leave of him, and desired him to direct *Partridge* the same way, and immediately returned to the woman, whom he found alone; for the villain, though his hands were tied, had found his legs at liberty, and prudently made his escape.

Jones now proceeded with his ragged companion to Upton, where he entered one

of the genteelest inns in the place, when the wretched appearance of the woman, and *Jones's* insisting on her being admitted to a room, caused a very great disturbance, and produced some blows: but a serjeant and a file of musqueteers coming to the house, and calling her captain *Waters's* lady, the scene was changed, and the landlady very readily lent her some of her own cloaths, on her offering her twice as much money for that favour as they were worth.

This lady who was not distinguished for her modesty, being struck with the person of *Jones*, was no sooner alone with him, than she made such advances, as let him know that she had no favours in her power which she would scruple to bestow on her deliverer, and actually tempted him to come to her bed.

The lovely *Sophia* finding she should be forced to marry Mr. *Blifil*, had escaped from home in company with her maid *Honour*, in order to shelter herself from the effects of her father's violence, in the family of a lady who resided in *London*, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and arrived late at this very inn, where *Partridge* had just before
men-

mentioned her name, and declared that she was distractedly in love with his master, who was Mr. *Jones*, 'squire *Allworthy*'s son and heir. The joy she would have felt at hearing that Mr. *Jones* was in the house, was thus converted into indignation, which was greatly encreased, when she was told by the maid, that Mr. *Jones* was in bed with a woman he had brought into the house. She now resolved to banish him for ever from her thoughts, as a man abandoned to vice, and sunk below her notice or regard; and at the same time determined to let him know that she was acquainted with his baseness; and for that purpose wrote her name with a pencil on a piece of paper, and pinning it to the muff, already mentioned, bribed one of the maids of the house, by a present of a couple of guineas, to leave it at his bedside. Then ordering the horses to be got ready, proceeded towards *London* with Honour.

As *Jones* returned to his bed in the dark, he did not find the muff till he was ready to rise, and no sooner had it in his hand, and read the words *Sophia Western*, than his looks grew frantic, and he eagerly cry'd, O Hea-

vens! how came this muff here? I know no more than your honour, cried *Partridge*, who was in the room; but I saw it upon the arm of one of the women who would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them. Where are they? cried *Jones*. Many miles off I believe by this time, said *Partridge*. The behaviour of *Jones* on this occasion beggars all description. After many bitter execrations on *Partridge*, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate, and a few minutes after, having slipped on his cloaths, he hastened down stairs, to execute the orders he himself had just given.

They set forwards, and at length came to a cross way, when a lame fellow asked them for alms, and *Jones* giving him a shilling, the fellow cried out, Sir, I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book; which he delivered into *Jones's* hand, who, presently opening it, saw in the first page, the words, *Sophia Western* written by her own fair hand. He no sooner read the name,

name, than pressing it to his lips, he fell into the most frantic raptures. But while he was thus kissing it, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which *Partridge* took up, and delivered it to *Jones*, who presently perceived it to be a bank bill of a hundred pounds. *Jones* gave the poor man a guinea in exchange for the book, for which he returned him a thousand thanks, and discovered almost as much joy as *Jones* himself, but soon hearing what it contained became very dissatisfied, and demanded more money: On which *Jones* promising to reward him better another time, took down his name and place of abode, and then pursued his journey.

Jones travelled two or three days without meeting with any adventures so remarkable as to demand a place in this work, till at last being got about two miles beyond *Barnet*, at the dusk of the evening, a genteel looking man, on a shabby horse, rode up to them, and observed, that if they were going to *London*, he should be glad of their company; for it was late, and he was a stranger to the road. *Jones* readily complied with the request, and the stranger expressing great apprehensions of robbers,

bers, *Jones* declared he had little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here *Partridge* cried, your honour may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred pound bank note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but, for my part, I never was less afraid in my life, for if we stand by one another, the best man in *England* can't rob us. However, when they had arrived within a mile of *Highgate*, the stranger turning short on *Jones*, and pulling out a pistol, demanded the little bank note. *Jones*, who was at first somewhat shocked, offered the highwayman three guineas, which was all he had in his pocket; but he answering it would not do, *Jones* coolly returned the money into his pocket, while the highwayman threatened if he did not instantly deliver the bank note, he must shoot him, and then held the pistol near his breast. *Jones* instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled violently; and turning the muzzle from him, a struggle ensued in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses to the ground. The fellow implored mercy of the

the conqueror, declaring that he had no intention to shoot him, the pistol not being loaded. That this was the first robbery he had ever attempted, and that he had been driven to it by the greatest distress. At this instant, *Parridge*, who had endeavoured to escape, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, roaring for mercy, and not daring to look up. But at length, finding that his master had got the better of the highwayman, he ran up to him, and no sooner saw him standing over him with his drawn sword in his hand, than he cried out, Kill the villain, Sir, run him through the body. *Jones*, however having examined the pistol, and found it really to be unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him, that he had been driven to it by distress, he having five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery; the fellow offering to convince him, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles distant. *Jones* pretended that he would take him at his word, declaring that his fate should entirely depend on the truth of his story. Upon which the poor fellow expressed

so much alacrity, that *Jones* was perfectly satisfied with his veracity; and returning the fellow his pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, giving him a couple of guineas, for the immediate support of his wife and family; adding, he wished he had more for his sake, for the hundred pound was not his own. The highwayman expressed the utmost gratitude, and vowed he would never again commit such a transgression. But *Partridge* expressed himself highly dissatisfied at his not being brought to justice.

C H A P. XI.

Mr. Jones gives an instance of great generosity. He meets with Sophia, with whom he has a short interview. He contributes to the happiness of Mrs. Miller's family.

Jones, on his arrival in *London*, made use of his utmost endeavours to find out his dear *Sophia*, by enquiring of her relations. The lady *Bellafton* having seen him, and being struck with his figure, he being one of the handsomest men in *England*, made some advances

vances to him, and engaged him to visit her, when imagining, as was really the case, that he was destitute of money, she made him a present of a bank note of fifty pounds.

Mr. *Jones* took up his lodging at the same house which Mr. *Allworthy* constantly used when in town. It was inhabited by Mrs. *Miller*, a very worthy gentlewoman, who had two daughters, and who had received very extraordinary favours from Mr. *Allworthy*. There also lived in the same family Mr. *Nightingale*, a very agreeable young gentleman, who paid his addresses to one of Mrs. *Miller's* daughters.

One day Mrs. *Miller* had invited Mr. *Jones* and Mr. *Nightingale* to dinner; but did not come home till almost five o' Clock, when she apologized for her behaviour, by observing that she had been to see her Cousin, who lived at about six miles distant; whose wife had scarcely lain in a week, yet notwithstanding the severity of the weather, lay in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a bushel of coals in the house to supply her with a fire. She described, in the most pathetic terms, the behaviour of the children,

one

one of whom lay ill of a quinsy in the same bed with its mother, there being no other bed in the house. The father, said she, is most worthy of compassion. Poor man his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he looks like one rather dead than alive. O heavens what a scene did I behold, at my first entering the room! He was lying behind the bolster, supporting at once both his wife and his child. He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat, his coat being spread over the bed, to supply the want of blankets. When he rose up at my entrance, I scarce knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within this fortnight as you ever beheld. His eyes now sunk, his face pale, with a long beard. His body shivering with cold, and worm with hunger too, for my cousin says, she can hardly prevail upon him to eat. He himself, alas, whispered to me, that he could not bear to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you believe it, his wife had very good candle. The means of procuring which, he said, he believed was sent him by an angel from heaven. I know not what he meant, I had not spirits to ask. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother; and
about

about a week ago, the very day before his wife was brought to bed, their goods were all carried away, and sold by an execution.

This description, which was given in the most moving accents, Mr. *Jones* could not hear with dry eyes, his whole soul was affected, and taking Mrs. *Miller* into another room, he delivered her his purse, in which was the sum of fifty pounds, and desired her to send as much of it, as she thought proper, to these poor people. The look Mrs. *Miller* gave him is not to be described. Good heavens, cried she, is there such a man in the world? Then recollecting herself, she added, indeed, I know one such, but can there be another? I hope, Madam, cried *Jones*, there are many who have common humanity, and to relieve such distresses can hardly be called more. Mrs. *Miller* then took ten guineas, which was the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and which she promised to convey to her cousin early the next morning.

The next day Mrs. *Miller* rapped at Mr. *Jones's* door, and desired his company to drink tea in the parlour. Upon his entrance into the room, she introduced a person to him, saying,

This, Sir, is my cousin, who has been so highly obliged by your goodness, and for which he begs to return you his sincerest thanks. The man had scarce begun to utter his grateful acknowledgements, when both *Jones* and he looking stedfastly at each other, shewed the utmost marks of surprize. The voice of the latter began to falter, and instead of finishing his speech, he sunk into a chair, crying, It is so, I am convinced it is so!

Bless me, what's the matter cried *Mrs. Miller*, you are not ill, I hope, cousin. Some water, a dram this instant. Don't be frightened, Madam, cried *Jones*, I have almost as much need of a dram as your cousin. We are equally surprized at this unexpected meeting. Your cousin is an acquaintance of mine, *Mrs. Miller*. An acquaintance, cries the man, O heavens! Ay, an acquaintance, repeated *Jones*, an acquaintance whom I shall ever love and honour, for his affection to his wife and children. Cousin, cries the man, this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he, to whom, before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my *Peggy*. He is the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human being. O cousin I have obligations to this
gent-

gentleman of such a nature — mention nothing of obligations, cried *Jones* eagerly. Not a word, I insist upon it. If by the trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never bought so cheap. O Sir, cries the man. I wish you could this instant see my house. My cousin told me, she informed you of the distress in which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodness — My children have now a bed to lie on, and they have — they have — eternal blessings reward you for it, — they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed Sir, I must see you at my house. Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you. My children too must express their gratitude — O Sir, the little hearts which you have warmed, had now, without your assistance, been cold as ice.

Jones attempted to prevent the poor man's proceeding; and Mrs. *Miller* began to pour forth her thanksgivings; and concluded with saying, she made no doubt but such goodness would meet a glorious reward. *Jones* answer-

ed, He had already been sufficiently rewarded. Your cousin's account, Madam, said he, has given me a more pleasing sensation than I have ever known. If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happiness to others, I sincerely pity them; as they are incapable of taking what, in my opinion, is a greater honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure, there the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous man can ever know.

Mr. Jones, now shaking his friend by the hand, and desiring so to see him again as soon as possible, took his leave, he having promised to spend the evening at lady *Bellafton's*; and went away, exulting in the happiness he had procured to this poor family; and reflecting with horror on the dreadful consequences, had he, when attacked on the road, listened rather to the voice of rigorous justice than to that of mercy.

Mr. Jones, on his arrival at lady *Bellafton's*, was shewn into the drawing-room, that lady not being at home; but he had not been many minutes there, before the door opened, and in came no other than *Sophia* herself, who went directly to the glass, without looking towards the

the upper end of the room, where Mr. *Jones* stood as motionless as a statue. In this glass, after casting a look on her lovely face, she discovered the statue, and instantly turning round, gave a scream, and was ready to faint, when *Jones* ran, and caught her in his arms. After a short pause, Mr. *Jones*, with a faltering voice, said, I see, Madam, you are surprized. O heavens, cried she, indeed I am surprized. I almost doubt whether you are the person you seem. Indeed Madam, returned he, I am the wretched *Jones*, whom fortune has at last kindly conducted to you. O my *Sophia*, did you know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long fruitless pursuit. — Pursuit of me, said *Sophia*, assuming a reserved air. Has Mr. *Jones* then, any such important business with me? To some, Madam, said he, this might seem of importance, giving her the pocket-book. I hope, Madam, you will find it of the same value, as when it was lost. She took the pocket-book, and was going to speak, when he cried, O my *Sophia*, I have business of a much superior kind — Thus, on my knees, let me ask your pardon. My pardon, said she, sure, after what has passed, you can-

not expect — I scarce know what I say, answered he. O my *Sophia*, henceforth never cast away a thought on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me should ever give a moment's uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness, and let the remembrance of what passed at *Upton*, blot me for ever from your thoughts.

Sophia stood trembling; and though she was before as white as snow, at the mention of *Upton*, she blushed, and turned away her eyes with a look of disdain. O my *Sophia*, cried he, my only love, you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there, than I do myself. But do me the justice to think that my heart was never unfaithful to you; that had no share in the folly I was guilty of. It was even then unalterably yours. But if it had not been engaged, she, into whose company I there accidentally fell, was not an object of serious love. I have never, my angel, seen her from that day to this, and never intend, or desire to see her again. This gave *Sophia* a secret pleasure; but endeavouring to conceal it, she coldly answered, why Mr. *Jones* do you take the trouble to make a defence where
you

you are not accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed. What, for heaven's sake, is it, answered he. O, she returned, how is it possible! Can every thing noble, and every thing base, be lodged together in the same bosom? Could I have expected such treatment from you? from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my name traduced in public, in inns, among the meanest vulgar? To have any little favours that my unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, boasted of there! Nay, even to hear, that you had been forced to fly from my love!

Jones's surprize exceeded all bounds; but he soon found that this was owing to *Partridge's* talk at the inns, before landlords and servants. He had, however, no great difficulty to make her believe his being innocent of an offence so foreign to his character; but she had a great deal to prevent his going instantly home to punish *Partridge* as he deserved. This point being cleared up, they fell into a conversation, in which he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage.

riage. To which she replied, that she could not: Duty to her father forbade her thinking of involving herself and him in ruin. At the word ruin he started, and striking his breast, cried, O *Sophia*, can I then ruin thee? No, by heaven no! I never will act so base a part. Dearest *Sophia*, whatever it costs me, I will renounce you, I will tear all such hopes from my heart as are inconsistent with your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it shall be in silence; it shall be in some foreign land, from whence no voice, no sighs of my despair, shall ever reach and disturb your ears. He was here stopped by *Sophia's* tears; he kissed them from her cheeks. But she then, recollecting herself, withdrew out of his arms; and to turn the discourse, asked him how he came thither? But he was prevented from answering by the entrance of lady *Bellafton*, which introduced a discourse on different matters, not very interesting to the reader.

A few days after Mr. *Western* arrived, he having been informed by one of his relations, that his daughter was at lady *Bellafton's*, and abruptly entering the room where she was, took her away with him, and carried her to his inn,

inn, where after attempting in vain, by his threats and persuasions, to make her promise that she would marry Mr. *Bliffl*, he confined her in an upper chamber several days, till his sister coming to town, took her out of his hands, and carried her to her own lodgings; for that lady having a great estate at her own disposal, Mr. *Western*, though he often quarrelled with her, was always obliged to submit, for fear she should leave her fortune out of the family. Mrs. *Western's* views with respect to *Sophia* were now become very different from those of her brother. The lady *Bellafton* had let her know that lord *Fellamar* was become desperately in love with her niece, and the prospect of an alliance with a person of such distinguished rank, made her at once desert the interest of *Bliffl*, and make use of her utmost endeavours to inspire the mind of *Sophia* with ambitious views, and engage her affections by flattering her vanity. But *Sophia* being not to be moved, Mrs. *Western* made use of all her influence with her brother, and joined that influence with the solicitation of her friends, and many persons of rank; but he obstinately adhered to his resolution of marrying her to

Bliss, and heartily cursed all lords and courtiers, with whom he would have no alliance. She even then endeavoured to force the lovely *Sophia* to marry that nobleman against her father's consent; but this she absolutely refused, at which the old lady was so exasperated, that she took her again to her father, who redoubled his solicitations, mixed with the bitterest curses, that she should either marry *Bliss*, or starve.

Mean while *Jones* was engaged in an affair that exercised his humanity. The worthy Mrs. *Miller* was involved in the deepest distress. Mr. *Nightingale*, who had paid his addresses to one of her daughters, had left the house, and Mr. *Jones* was to have an apartment in the new lodgings he had taken; but the young gentleman was no sooner gone, than he wrote to Miss *Nancy Miller*, to whom he had long paid his addresses, that he must be obliged to think of her no more. His father having informed him, that he must marry a lady of fortune whom he had provided for him, and that his future felicity depended on his compliance. This letter threw the whole family into the utmost confusion. Miss *Nancy*, on receiving

ceiving it, fell into fits; and to add to the distress of the mother, the unhappy girl confessed herself with child by him. She had been deceived by generous sentiments of disinterested love, and by promises of marriage, frequently uttered by Mr. *Nightingale*, and her agitations and continual fits, seemed to threaten her life. Her mother, who was a woman of the strictest virtue, was reduced to the depth of despair, on seeing the most dutiful of her children, the darling of her soul, and the pride of her heart, in so dreadful a situation.

Mr. *Jones* was so shocked and distressed at the scene, that he could not forbear endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to give them consolation; and told Mrs. *Miller* he would go immediately, and make use of all his influence to engage Mr. *Nightingale* to do her daughter justice.

Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and lamenting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced the poor unhappy girl, whom he tenderly loved; though the view of interest, and the fear of incurring the censure of the world, had made him resolve to forsake her.

Mr.

Mr. *Jones* urged every consideration of humanity, virtue, and true honour, to prevail on him to do her justice. Can you, with honour, said he, be guilty of having, under false pretences, deceived a young woman and her family, and of having by these means, treacherously robbed her of her innocence? Can you with honour, be knowingly the wilful, nay, I must add, the artful contriver of the ruin of a human being? Can you, with honour, destroy the fame, the peace, nay, probably, both the life and soul too, of this poor unhappy creature? Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless young woman? A young woman who loves, who doats on you, who dies for you, who hath placed the utmost confidence in your promises; and to that confidence hath sacrificed every thing which is dear to her?

Mr. *Nightingale*, unable to withstand the strength of his reasons and the force of his eloquence, protested that if he had no inclinations to consult but his own, he would marry her the next morning; observing that he should never be happy with any other woman; and that could his father be induced to comply with

with his desires, nothing could be wanting to complete his felicity. Mr. *Jones* replied, that though he had not the honour of knowing his father, he would wait upon him immediately. He therefore took his leave, and calling upon old Mr. *Nightingale*, endeavoured to induce him to favour the match, by representing it as already concluded; and by giving the most amiable description of the virtue, prudence, and many accomplishments of the young lady whom his son had married, without his knowledge. The old man was highly offended; at being disappointed in his views, and at hearing that the young woman whom his son had chosen had little or no fortune, for he was extremely avaricious, and considered great wealth as essential to happiness. But at this instant, the gentleman's brother entered the room; and on hearing Mr. *Jones's* arguments, joined with him, telling his brother that the woman whom he had chose for his son, without ever seeing her, would have rendered the youth miserable; For besides her person being extremely disagreeable, she was of an ill natured, fordid disposition. He therefore expressed his satisfaction that the youth had escaped from
the

the snare that was laid for him ; and tho' he was sorry the girl his nephew had chose wanted a fortune , he endeavoured to persuade his brother, since it was over, to make the best of it. And even, at Mr. *Jones's* invitation, went himself to visit the lady.

When Mr. *Jones* returned to Mrs. *Miller's*, in company with the uncle, he found the scene entirely changed. Mr. *Nightingale* was there, and had promised to marry her the next morning, and nothing was to be seen but the effects of joy and transport. Mrs. *Miller* could not forbear calling Mr. *Jones* out of the room, when falling on her knees, she expressed her gratitude to him in the warmest and most affecting terms, and gave him a thousand blessings. She then informed him, that every thing was settled, and the next morning was to render them all completely happy. They then returned to the company, and the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner.

C H A P. XII.

Mr. Jones fights with and wounds a Gentleman, on which he is sent to Prison. Mr. Allworthy and Blifil arrive in London, and lodge with Mrs. Miller, who warmly vindicates the Character of Jones. Mr. Allworthy receives a Visit from Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller visits Mr. Jones in Prison.

WHILE Mr. Jones was thus contributing to the happiness of others, he himself was under the deepest distress, on account of the persecutions *Sophia* met with from her relations, and the impossibility of seeing her. At this time Mrs. *Fitzpatrick*, a lady who was nearly related to *Sophia*, and had escaped from a husband who had treated her with great cruelty, sent to speak with Mr. *Jones*, whereupon he paid her a visit, in which she endeavoured to persuade him to get access to *Sophia*, by pretending to address her aunt: A piece of deceit which *Jones* could not approve; but just as he was leaving the house, Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, who had found where his wife lived, seeing a handsome, well dressed young fellow coming from her,

her, made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house? *Jones* answered, that he had been visiting a lady there; but after a few words *Mr. Fitzpatrick* gave him a blow with his cane, which made him stagger, telling him that if he did not give him satisfaction for that blow, he would give him another, on which they both drew; and though *Mr. Jones* knew nothing of fencing, he pressed so boldly on *Mr. Fitzpatrick*, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in his body. At that instant, a number of fellows rushed in, and carried the unhappy youth before a justice, who committed him to the Gate-house. *Jones's* misery was now not to be described: For as it was apprehended that *Fitzpatrick's* wound was mortal, he had the prospect of being brought to his trial, and of soon dying an ignominious death.

When *Mr. Western* set out for *London*, he had engaged *Mr. Blifil* to follow him thither; and *Mr. Allworthy* resolved to accompany him. They had both arrived and taken up their lodgings at *Mrs. Miller's*, and had already visited *Miss Sophia*, who could not be brought to favour *Blifil's* addresses. The day after *Mr. Jones* had

had been committed to the Gatehouse, Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* were sat down to breakfast, when *Blifil* came in, but had not been long seated, before he told Mr. *Allworthy* that his adopted son, that *Jones*, that wretch, whom he had nourished in his bosom, had proved one of the greatest villains upon earth. Mrs. *Miller*, whose heart was warmed with the highest gratitude for the generous youth, immediately interrupted him, by saying, he was no villain, for he was one of the worthiest creatures breathing. Mr. *Allworthy* looked surprized, and said he was amazed at her defending a fellow whom she did not know. She answered, that she did know him, and should be the most ungrateful of all wretches did she deny it; for he had preserved her and her little family, and she should ever pray to God to bless him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. Mr. *Allworthy* again expressed his surprize, and observed, that it was impossible the man his nephew meant should lay her under any such obligations. She repeated that she had obligations to him of the greatest and tenderest kind; and that she was sure that Mr. *Allworthy* had been grossly abused, or else he, who was all goodness and honour, would

not have so disdainfully called him fellow, since he deserved a kinder appellation, as he never mentioned his name without a sort of adoration; and she had heard him utter the kindest, most grateful things of his dear benefactor. O Sir, added she, I don't love that child there, better than he loves you.

Mr. *Allworthy* then expressed his resentment at some insinuations she threw out gainst Mr. *Blifil*, who, he said, had been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful wretch, whose cause she espoused; but the good woman was not to be intimidated. She repeated that he was deceived, that indeed the young man had the faults of wildness, and of youth, which she hoped and believed he would relinquish; but they were vastly overballanced by one of the most humane, tender, honest hearts, that ever man was blessed with.

Mr. *Allworthy* told her that he should be glad to hear a good excuse for her behaviour, which he thought wanted it; and then bid *Blifil* proceed with his story. Mr. *Blifil*, after insinuating that if Mr. *Allworthy* could forgive Mrs. *Miller's* usage, he ought

ought to do it; added that he was sorry to say, that *Jones* had killed a man; he would not say murdered him, for it might not, perhaps, be so construed in law. Mr. *Allworthy* looked shocked, and turning to Mrs. *Miller*, asked what she had to say now. She expressed her surprize and grief, and maintained that if the fact was true, it was not he that was in fault, for she never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered.

The conversation was interrupted by a visit from Mr. *Western*, who came to tell Mr. *Allworthy* of the solicitations he had received to engage him to marry his daughter to a nobleman; but he persisted in maintaining that *Bliss* should have her, in spite of all the world; and whatever *Sophia* could say or do to the contrary. Mr. *Allworthy*, however, strongly urged the impropriety of using force in an affair, in which the happiness of the lady entirely consisted. To discharge the matrimonial duties, said he, in an adequate manner, is no easy task; and shall we lay this burthen upon a woman, while we, at the same time, deprive her of all that assistance which may

enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we enjoin her duties, to which a whole heart is scarce equal? I must hear speak very plainly. I think parents, who act in this manner are accessaries to all the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and of course must, before a just judge, expect to partake of their punishment, and therefore, as the young lady is unhappily averse to my nephew, I must decline any farther thoughts of the honour you intended him.

Mr. *Western* expressed his disapprobation of this speech, which he attempted to answer, in such absurd terms as made Mr. *Allworthy* smile. Mr. *Blifil*, however, desired to speak, and observed, that he was averse to using any violence with the young lady; but hoped that, by perseverance, he might gain her affections; that indeed he was too sensible the wickedest of men remained uppermost in her heart; but that when she heard of the murder he had committed — Murder! cried *Western*! And is there then any hopes of his being hanged? I am glad of it. He then fell a singing

ing and capering about the room, and having several times expressed his joy, departed.

Mr. *Allworthy* and his nephew going to dine with Mr. *Western*, Mrs. *Miller* went to pay Mr. *Jones* a visit, at the Gatehouse, where she found Mr. *Nightingale* had arrived before her. While *Jones* was expressing his satisfaction at the kind visit of his friends, *Partridge* brought an account that Mr. *Fitzpatrick* was still alive, though the surgeon declared he had very little hopes; and Mr. *Nightingale* endeavoured to give him consolation, by observing, that if the fellow should die, he would have nothing to reproach himself with, since he had only taken away the life of a ruffian in his own defence; and that he himself was in no danger. To which *Jones* gravely answered, that whatever might be his fate, he should always lament his having shed the blood of one of his fellow creatures, as one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen him. He then represented his distress with respect to *Sophia*: On which Mrs. *Miller* offered to wait on that lady, and he gave

her a letter, which she promised to deliver into her own hand; and which she accordingly accomplished, though *Sophia* could with difficulty be persuaded to receive it.

C H A P. XIII.

Which contains several important Discoveries.

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* returned from Mr. *Western*, with whom he had dined, Mrs. *Miller* had a long discourse with him, in which she informed him of *Jones's* having the misfortune to lose all he had been pleased to bestow on him at their separation, of which she had received an account from *Partridge*. She then explained the obligations she and her family had received from *Jones*, to which he replied, that there are few characters so vicious as not to have some mixture of good; but that bad as the fellow was, she had some obligations to him, and therefore he would excuse what was past; but insisted on her never mentioning his name any more. But she was not to be so easily restrained; she again insinuated

sinuated that he had been imposed upon, and he threatened to leave her house, commending his nephew as the worthiest and best of men. Mrs. *Miller* begged him not to be angry with her, and then exclaimed, how often have I heard you call him your son? How often have you talked to me of him with all the fondness of a parent? I cannot, Sir, forget the many tender expressions you used when you told me of his beauty, his virtues, his good nature, and his generosity. O Sir, I cannot forget them; for I find them all true; they have preserved my family. You must pardon my tears, Sir. If you had a dagger in your hand ready to plunge into my heart, I must lament the misery of one whom you have loved, and I shall ever love.

Mr. *Allworthy* was moved, and after a short silence took her by the hand, and mentioning her daughter, said he was acquainted with old Mr. *Nightingale*, and would pay him a visit, in order to serve her. On which she expressed many acknowledgements. Mr. *Allworthy* and Mrs. *Miller* had been above an hour together, when

an end was put to their conversation by the arrival of *Bliss*, and Mr. *Dowling* an attorney, who was become a great favourite of Mr. *Bliss*, and whom Mr. *Allworthy*, at his nephew's desire, had made his steward.

We shall now return to Mr. *Jones*, who had passed above twenty - four hours alone, when Mr. *Nightingale*, who had spent that time in searching for the persons who saw the fact, arrived; and told him, to his great surprize, that he had at last met with two fellows who were present at the unhappy accident, but related the story very differently, maintaining that he gave the first blow. This, *Jones* firmly denied. But while he was vindicating his innocence, he was interrupted by the turn-key, who informed him that a lady desired to speak with him; on which Mr. *Nightingale* took his leave, and the lady was admitted, when, to *Jones's* great astonishment, he found it to be Mrs. *Waters*, whom he had delivered from the Ensign, and with whom he had been too familiar at *Upton*.

This

This woman living in the same house with Mr. *Fitzpatrick*, came to bring him the agreeable news, that he was out of danger; and that, in case he died, he had done Mr. *Jones* strict justice; by declaring that he himself was entirely the aggressor, and that Mr. *Jones* was not in the least to blame. *Jones* expressed the highest satisfaction at this account, and Mrs. *Waters* took her leave.

She had not, however, been gone many minutes, when *Partridge* came staring into the room, trembling every limb, as if he had seen a spectre; and immediately asked whether that was the woman he met with at *Upton*? When *Jones* saying that she was, *Partridge* cried out, Then the Lord have mercy on your soul, and forgive you; for this is *Jenny Jones*, as sure as you stand here alive, you have been in bed with your own mother. *Jones* was struck dumb with amazement, horror was painted in his countenance, and they stood staring wildly at each other. At length *Jones* recovering his speech, lamented his misfortunes, and sent him after her, to desire her

to return, and then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair.

We have just observed that Mr. *Allworthy* went to visit old Mr. *Nightingale*. At his entrance into that gentleman's house, he saw black *George* come out of it, of which, he at first, took no notice. He sat with Mr. *Nightingale* three hours, and at last had the pleasure of prevailing on him to consent to see his son. This business being thus happily ended, Mr. *Allworthy* asked him if he knew one *George Seagrim*, and upon what business he came to his house. When he told him, that the man had hoarded up 500*l.* which he had given him in five bank bills that he might lay them out either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the north of *England*, Mr. *Allworthy* desired to see them; and they were no sooner produced, than he told him that they were formerly his, and acquainted him with his having given them to *Jones*.

On Mr. *Allworthy*'s return to his lodgings, he found Mrs. *Miller* very dejected, on account of the information she had received that Mr. *Jones* had first struck the person

person who was wounded. Mr. *Allworthy*, to remove her concern, immediately informed her of his having brought Mr. *Nightingale* to consent to see his son; and of his having no doubt of producing a perfect reconciliation between them. She received the account with the utmost thankfulness and pleasure. He then informed her that he had recovered a pretty considerable treasure for the young gentleman her friend; though, in his present situation, it might be of no service to him. Mrs. *Miller* observed, that she had heard a very bad account of the affair, but lamented that she must not be allowed to speak; on which Mr. *Allworthy* observed, that he should be now heartily glad to find that *Jones* could acquit himself of every thing, and particularly of this last sad affair; though he had not withdrawn his affection from him, without thinking he had the justest cause.

This alteration in Mr. *Allworthy's* mind was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr. *Square*, a gentleman whom he had kept many years in his house, and was now at *Bath*, where he lay at the point
of

of death. In this letter, he observed that nothing lay so heavy upon his conscience as his injustice to Mr. *Allworthy's* adopted son, who had been basely injured, particularly with respect to the fact, upon the misrepresentation of which he had been discarded; observing, that when he lay on his supposed death bed, *Jones* was the only person in the house, who shewed any real concern; and what happened afterwards arose from the wildness of his joy on his benefactor's recovery, and the baseness of another person, whom he should not accuse. He then, mentioned the integrity of *Jones's* heart, and observed, that though he had some faults, a want of duty or gratitude to his benefactor, was not one of them. He added, that he had been basely induced by worldly motives to conceal this so long, and that he had now no other inducement to reveal it, but an attone for his own crimes, by justifying the innocent.

Mrs. *Miller*, being at this time called out, presently entered, introducing young Mr. *Nightingale*, who she said, had been to see the wounded gentleman, who was out
of

of all danger, and had declared that he fell upon poor Mr. *Jones* and beat him. Mr. *Nightingale* confirmed what Mrs. *Miller* had said, and added some very handsome things of *Jones*; and at Mrs. *Miller*'s desire, repeated several of the affectionate expressions he had heard him utter, in speaking of Mr. *Allworthy*; and concluded with begging that gentleman's pardon. Mr. *Allworthy* applauded his generous friendship, and confessed that if the affair should turn out as he had represented it, he might be brought to think better of the young man than he had lately done, adding, this good gentlewoman here can witness that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my own son. Indeed I have considered him as a child committed by fortune to my care. I still remember the helpless situation in which I found him, and at this moment feel the tender pressure of his little hands — He was my darling, indeed he was.

Mr. *Allworthy* then hearing that *Jones*'s servant was without, ordered him to be called. On his entering the room, he knew *Partridge* at first sight, and with great amazement

zement asked if he was Mr. Jones's servant. He replied that he was not indeed a regular servant, but lived with him at present, and the rest of the company leaving the room, Mr. Allworthy observed that he was the strangest of all human beings to pass thus upon the world for the servant of his own son. Partridge still denied, in the most strenuous manner, his being the young man's father, and at last added, if your honour will not believe me, you are like soon to have satisfaction. I wish you had mistaken the mother of this young man, as well as you have his father; and being asked what he meant, he with all the symptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance, told Mr. Allworthy what had happened at Upton, where he had not seen the woman, or he should have known her.

Mr. Allworthy appeared equally shocked; good heavens cried he, in what miseries are men involved by vice and imprudence? How much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness sometimes carried! At this moment Mrs. Waters abruptly entered the room, and Partridge cried, Here Sir, is the very woman

woman herself. I am sure, she will acquit me. Mrs. *Waters*, without regarding what *Partridge* said, came up to Mr. *Allworthy*; on which he coolly asked her, whether she had any particular business with him. She answered that she had, and desired the favour of a word with him alone. *Partridge* was then ordered to withdraw; and she having declared that he was not the father of the child, began a relation, which at once fixed his attention, and redoubled his astonishment. She reminded him, that he had once a young gentleman in his house named *Sumner*, whom he himself had bred up at the university, and had a fine person, with much wit and good breeding. This gentleman, said she, was the father of the child; but that she was not its mother. Though she had conveyed the infant to his bed, and afterwards owned it; for by the generosity of the mother, she had been nobly rewarded, both for her secrecy and her shame. This mother, she told him, was his own sister; and observed, that after his departure from *London*, Miss *Bridget*, coming to her mother's house, commended her learning
and

and superior understanding ; and ordered her to come to the great house , where, when she attended, she employed her in reading to her : made her many presents, and at last locking the door, asked if her mother might safely be confided in ; and she answering that she would stake her life for her fidelity, she imparted to her the great secret which laboured in her breast, and which she believed was delivered with more pain, than the lady afterwards suffered in child-birth. It was then agreed, that her mother and she should attend at the time, and that Mrs. *Wilkins* should be sent out of the way to the farthest part of *Dorsetshire*, to enquire the character of a servant. That the child was born in the presence of herself and her mother, who conveyed it to her own house, where it was kept privately till the evening of his return, when, by the command of Miss *Bridget*, she herself conveyed it into the bed, where he found it.

Mr. *Allworthy* expressed great astonishment, and could not help censuring his sister for carrying this secret with her out of the world.

world. Mrs. *Waters* said, she had frequently told her that she intended one day to communicate it to him, and that she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so well, and that he had of his own accord taken such a fancy to the child, that she need not be in a hurry to make a particular declaration. O Sir, added she, had the lady lived to have seen this young man turned like a vagabond from your house, and to hear that you yourself had employed a lawyer to prosecute him for a murder, of which he was not guilty. — Forgive me, Sir, I must say it was unkind. Mr. *Allworthy* vindicated himself from this last imputation. On which she added, that a gentleman came to her, and taking her for Mr. *Fitzpatrick's* wife, told her, that if Mr. *Jones* had murdered her husband, she should be assisted with any money she wanted, to carry on the prosecution by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprized what a villain she had to deal with; and this man, whose name was *Dowling*, Mr. *Jones* told her was his steward. And did Mr. *Dowling*, cried *Allworthy*, with a look of astonishment, tell you that I would assist in

the prosecution? No, Sir, said she. He said I should be assisted; but he mentioned no name. But you must forgive me, Sir, if I thought it could be no other. Indeed, Madam, cried *Allworthy*, I am too well convinced from circumstances, it was no other — Good heaven! By what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villainy sometimes discovered! He then desired her to stay till Mr. *Dowling* came.

At last that gentleman arrived, and, on his first entrance into the room, seeing Mrs. *Waters*, started; appeared in some confusion, and seemed in haste to go. On which Mr. *Allworthy* bolting the door, told him, that notwithstanding his haste, he must answer some questions, which he expected he would do faithfully, without prevarication. *Dowling* then acknowledged that Mr. *Bliffl* had sent him to that lady, and that he spoke to her to that purpose, by Mr. *Bliffl*'s order. Mr. *Allworthy* had before been told by Mr. *Nightingale*, that he had seen Mr. *Dowling* with two fellows at *Aldersgate*, which Mr. *Bliffl* had accounted for, by pretending that he had sent him to endeavour to soften their evidence:
and

and Mr. *Allworthy* now asked him, what instructions he had received from *Blifil*? On which he replied, Mr. *Blifil* said, blood required blood; that, not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted bringing him to justice, were sharers in his guilt; and that his uncle was desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper he should appear in it; and therefore he sent him to the two persons, who were eye-witnesses of the fault. Mr. *Allworthy* expressed his indignation, and desired to know what he said to them; on which he acknowledged that he let them know that he had heard Mr. *Jones* had assaulted the gentleman first, and if that was the truth they should declare it, giving them some hints that they should be no losers; but that he should not have said what he did, unless it had been to oblige him. You would not, I believe, says *Allworthy*, have thought it would have obliged me, had you known that *Jones* was my own nephew. To this the other replied, it did no become him to take notice of what he thought he desired to conceal. How, cried *Allworthy*, and did

you know it then. Indeed Sir, answered Mr. *Dowling*, I did know it; for they were almost the last words which Madam *Blifl* ever spoke, as I stood alone by her bedside, when she delivered me the letter I brought your worship from her. What letter, cried *Allworthy*? The letter Sir, answered *Dowling*, which I brought from *Salisbury*, and delivered to Mr. *Blifl*. O heavens, cried *Allworthy*! What did my sister say to you? She took me by the hand, answered he, and as she delivered me the letter, said: I scarce know what I have written; tell my brother Mr. *Jones* is his nephew — He is my son — Bless him, added she, and then fell backward. I then called in the people, and she died a few minutes after. Mr. *Allworthy* stood a minute silent with his hands lifted up, and then asked, how he came not to deliver the message? He answered, that his worship was then ill in bed, and he, being in a violent hurry, delivered the letter and message to Mr. *Blifl*, who told him that he would carry them both to him. This he had since told him he did, and that his worship would not have it mentioned, and intended to

to conceal it from all the world. Mr. *Allworthy* appeared satisfied with his relation; and having enjoined *Dowling's* strict silence, conducted him to the door, to prevent his seeing *Bliffl*.

As Mr. *Allworthy* was returning to his room, he met Mrs. *Miller* in the entry, and desiring her to walk in, cried, O Mrs. *Miller*, the young man to whom you are so faithful a friend, is my nephew, and the brother of that wicked viper I have so long nourished in my bosom. This gentlewoman will tell you the whole story. I am convinced that he has been wronged, and that I have been abused. Abused by one whom you too justly suspected to be a villain. He is in truth the worst of villains. Mrs. *Miller's* joy was too great for utterance; but at length bursting into tears, she cried, and is my dear Mr. *Jones* your nephew? He is, cried *Allworthy*. And is this dear good woman, cried she, the person to whom all this discovery is owing? May heaven, said she, shower down its choicest blessings on her head; and for this one good action forgive her all her sins, be they ever so many. Mrs.

Waters then let them know, that Mr. *Jones* would soon be released, the surgeon being gone, in company with a nobleman, to the justice who committed him, to procure his liberty. Mr. *Allworthy* said, he should be glad to find his nephew there at his return; but he was obliged to go out on some other business of consequence. Then calling to a servant to fetch a chair, left the ladies. Mr. *Bliffl* immediately came down, and asked his uncle if he was going out, to which he made no answer. But when he was getting into his chair, turning about, he cried, Hark ye, Sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter your mother sent me on her death-bed, and then departed, leaving Mr. *Bliffl* in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

C H A P. XIV.

The Conclusion.

M*R. Allworthy* now went to pay a visit to *Mr. Western*, when informing him that *Jones* was his nephew, and that *Blifil*, his brother, was a treacherous villain, the 'squire instantly changed his conduct, and became as zealous for *Sophia's* marrying *Jones*, as he had before been for her being united to *Blifil*; and then *Mr. Allworthy* addressing the young lady, endeavoured to remove the ill impressions she had received from the representations that had been made to her, on some parts of *Mr. Jones's* conduct. Afterwards taking his leave, he returned to *Mrs. Miller*.

Mr. Allworthy, on his return to his lodgings, hearing that *Mr. Jones* was arrived before him, desired to see him alone. It is impossible to conceive a more moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew. After *Mr. Allworthy* had raised him from his feet, and received him into his arms, he blamed himself for his cruelty, in

entertaining such unjust suspicions, and for all the sufferings they had occasioned. *Jones* cried out, that those sufferings were highly repaid. O my dear uncle, said he, this goodness, this tenderness, overpowers, unmans me. I can't bear the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to the presence, to the favour of my great, my noble, my generous benefactor! Mr. *Allworthy* repeated, I, indeed, child, have used you cruelly, and then explained *Bliffl's* treachery, which, he said, had induced him to use him so ill. Mr. *Jones* urged, that the wisest man might have been so deceived; the best must have acted just as he did; and that his goodness displayed itself in the midst of his anger. Alas! Sir, said he, I have not been punished more than I deserved; and it shall be the business of my future life, to merit the happiness you now bestow on me; for, my dear uncle, my punishment has not been thrown away upon me. I thank heaven, I have had time to reflect on my past life, where I can discern vices and follies more than enough, to repent and to be ashamed of. Vices and follies that have been attended

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ed with dreadful consequences, and have brought me to the brink of destruction.

Mr. *Allworthy* expressed his joy at hearing him talk thus; for, as hypocrisy was never among his faults, he could readily believe all he said. He therefore said, he would never more remind him of his errors; and that now happiness seemed to be in his own power. At these words, *Jones* fetched a deep sigh, and cried, O my dear uncle, I have lost a treasure. You need say no more, answered Mr. *Allworthy*, I have seen the young lady, and have had some discourse with her about you. As an earnest of your sincerity in all you have said, I must insist in your obeying me, by your abiding entirely by the young lady's determination, whether in your favour or not. She has already suffered enough from solicitations, which I hate to think of; and I am determined she shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence. O my dear uncle, answered *Jones*, lay, I beseech you, some command on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. Believe me, Sir, the only instance in which I could disobey you,

would be to give an uneasy moment to my *Sophia*.

They were now informed, by a servant, that Mr. *Western* was below stairs, upon which *Jones* begged his uncle to entertain him a few minutes, till he had a little recovered himself; to which the good man consented, and then went down to him.

Mrs. *Miller*, who had not seen *Jones* since his release from prison, now eagerly entered the room, and heartily wished him joy of his new found uncle. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the violence of Mr. *Western*, whom Mr. *Allworthy* himself could not detain from him, who coming up to Mr. *Jones*, expressed his joy at seeing him, and his sorrow at having done any thing to offend him; observing, that he must forget and forgive. Mr. *Jones* politely returned, that he should never forget the many obligations he had received from him; on which *Western* shaking him by the hand, cried, that he was as hearty, and honest a cock as any in the kingdom; and that he would introduce him to his mistress that moment. But Mr. *Allworthy* interposing, obliged him to stay till the

the afternoon; when they would attend at the tea-table.

Mr. *Allworthy* now informed his nephew of the particulars he had heard, both from Mrs. *Waters*, and Mr. *Dowling*; at which last information, *Jones* expressed great astonishment. At this instant a message was brought from *Blifil*, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Mr. *Allworthy* started, turned pale, and bid the servant tell *Blifil*, he knew him not. Mr. *Jones* begged him to consider; on which Mr. *Allworthy* told him, that he should carry the message. *Jones* earnestly begged that he would excuse him, since what might, perhaps, be but justice from another tongue, would from his be insult. He intreated that nothing might be done while he was thus in the height of anger; consider, my dear uncle, said he, I myself was not condemned unheard. Mr. *Allworthy* stood a moment silent, and then embracing *Jones*, said, with tears gushing from his eyes, O my child, to what goodness have I been so long blind! Mrs. *Miller*, after a gentle rap, entering the room at that instant,
and

and seeing *Jones* in the arms of his uncle, was in an agony of joy, and burst into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to heaven for what had happened. Then turning to *Jones*, she embraced him eagerly, crying, my dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand and a thousand times of this blessed day. Mr. *Allworthy* himself, received the same congratulation. To which he answered, Indeed, indeed, Mrs. *Miller*, I am beyond expression happy. Mrs. *Miller*, then desired them to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where there was Mr. *Nightingale* and his bride. Mr. *Allworthy* excused himself, saying, he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew, in his own apartment; but that they would make part of her society at supper. Mrs. *Miller*, then asked, what was to be done with *Blifil*, for she could not be easy while such a villain was in the house. Mr. *Allworthy* answered, he was as uneasy as herself, on the same account. O, if that be the case, cried she, leave it to me, I'll soon shew him the out-side of my doors, I'll warrant you. Here are two or three lusty fellows below stairs. There's no need

need of violence, cried Mr. *Allworthy*, if you'll carry him a message from me, he will depart of his own accord. Will I? said Mrs. *Miller*, I never did any thing in my life with a better will. Here, Mr. *Jones* said, he had considered the matter better, and if Mr. *Allworthy* pleased, would himself be the messenger; adding, that he already knew enough of his pleasure, and begged leave to acquaint him with it in his own words. He then entreated his uncle, not to drive him to despair; since, in his present situation, he was unfit to die. Mr. *Allworthy* thanked him for his observation, and bid him use his own discretion, but not flatter him with the hopes of forgiveness; for he should never forgive him such villainy, farther than his religion obliged him, which did not extend to his conversation.

Mr. *Jones* on entering *Bliss's* room, found that he had cast himself on the bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears. Mr. *Jones* endeavoured to raise and comfort his drooping spirits, before he let him know his uncle's resolution, that he should quit the house that even-

evening. He assured him of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, and offered to furnish him with what money he wanted. *Bliss* was, at first, sullen and silent, but then changing to the other extreme, prostrated himself on the floor before his brother, and kissed his feet. *Jones*, shocked at his meanness, raised him up, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man, repeating, that he would do all in his power to lessen them. *Bliss* then pouring forth his thanks, declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, and Mr. *Jones* returned to his uncle.

At length the young gentleman being dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. *Western's*, where he found *Sophia* set forth to the best advantage. The tea-table was scarce removed, before Mr. *Western* drew Mr. *Allworthy* out of the room, under the pretence of business; and the lovers were left to themselves, but for some time remained silent and motionless, till at last *Sophia* began. Sure, Sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery. Can you really, Madam, said he, with a sigh, think me so fortunate, while

while I have incurred your displeasure? Nay, Sir, said she, you best know whether you have deserved it; so soon to engage in a new amour, while I fancied, and you pretended your heart was bleeding for me. Can I, after this, believe the passion you have professed to me to be sincere? Or if I can, what happiness can I expect from a man capable of such inconstancy? O my *Sophia*, cried he, do not doubt the sincerity of my passion. Could I have flattered myself with the most distant hopes, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought, which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O *Sophia*, if you can have the goodness to pardon what is past, let not future apprehensions exclude me from mercy; for no repentance was ever more sincere. *Sophia* replied, that if she could be prevailed on by his repentance to forgive him, she must at least insist on the stronger proof of his sincerity. He begged that she would name any proof in his power. She replied, that time alone could convince her, that he had resolved to abandon these vicious courses,

ses, which she should detest him for, if she imagined him capable of persevering in them. He then implored her confidence, which he told her it should be the business of his life to deserve. Let it then, cried she, be the business of some part of your life, to shew me you do deserve it; and when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it: But after what is past, Sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word? Don't believe me upon my word, replied he; I have a better security. What is that? said *Sophia*, a little surprized. I will shew you, my angel, said he, drawing her gently to the glass: There, behold it there, cried he, in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind, which shines through these eyes. Can the man who shall be in the possession of these, be inconstant? O my *Sophia*, 'tis impossible! *Sophia* blushed, and half smiled; but endeavouring to force her brow into a frown; if I am to judge, said she, of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this glass, when I am out of the room.

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By all that is sacred, says *Jones*, it never was out of my heart; from the first moment of hope, that my *Sophia* might be my wife, all the rest of her sex became as little the objects of desire to the sense, as of passion to my heart. Well, said *Sophia*, the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr. *Jones*, is now altered, and I assure you, I have a great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being near me, and of convincing me that your mind is altered too. O my angel, cried *Jones*, how shall I thank your goodness? And are you so kind as to own that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity? Believe me, madam, it is you alone have given a relish to that prosperity; since I owe it to the dear hope — O my *Sophia*, let it not be a distant one. Permit me to beg you would fix the period. A twelve month, perhaps, said she. O my *Sophia*, returned he, you have named an eternity. Perhaps it may be something sooner, said she, and if your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy. — Easy, *Sophia*! cried he, call not such happiness as

mine, by so cold a name. O transporting thought! Am I not assured that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you mine; when fear shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that ecstatic delight of making my *Sophia* happy? — Indeed, Sir, said she, that day is in your own power. — O my dear angel, cried he, these words have made me mad with joy. — But I must, I will thank those dear lips, that have so sweetly pronounced my bliss. Then catching her in his arms, he kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

Mr. *Western*, who had stood some time listening, at this instant burst into the room, and with his hunting voice, cried, *To her Boy, to her* — That's it, little honey; O that's it. Well, what, is it all over? Has she appointed the day, boy? Shall it be to-morrow or next day? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved. Let me beseech you, Sir, said *Jones*, don't let me be the occasion, — Psha, cries *Western*, I thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle. I tell thee it is all

fim-

flim-flam. Zoodikers! she would have the wedding to night, with all her heart: Would'st not, *Sophy*? Come, confess, and be an honest girl for once. What! art dumb? Why should I confess, Sir? said *Sophia*, since it seems you are so well acquainted with my thoughts? That's a good girl, cried he; and dost consent then? No, indeed, Sir, said she. Why, that is, he replied, only because thou lovest to be disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father. — Pray Sir, said *Jones*. — I tell thee, thou art a puppy, cried *Western*. When I forbade her, then it was nothing but sighing and whining, and languishing, and writing? now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contradiction. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on't. What would my Papa have me do, cried *Sophia*. What would I ha' you do, said he, why gi' un thy hand this moment. Well, Sir, said *Sophia*, I will obey you, there's my hand, Mr. *Jones*. Well, and will you consent to ha' un to-morrow morning? returned *Western*. I will be obedient to you, Sir, said she. Why then, to-mor-

row morning be the day, cried he. Then Papa, to-morrow morning shall be the day, since you will have it so, said *Sophia*.

Jones then kissed her hand in a rapture of joy, while *Western* began to caper and dance about the room. But presently cried out, Where the devil is *Allworthy*, he is talking with lawyer *Dowling*, when he should be minding other matters. He then sallied out in quest of him, leaving the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone. He, however, soon returned with *Allworthy*, crying, If you won't believe me, ask her yourself. Hast not gi'n thy consent, *Sophy*, to be married to-morrow? Such are your commands, Sir, said *Sophia*, and I dare not be guilty of disobedience. I hope, madam, said Mr. *Allworthy*, my nephew will merit this goodness, and will be always as sensible as I am of the honour you have done us. Yes, cries *Western*; but if I had suffered her to stand shilly-shally, dilly-dally, you might not have had that honour in haste. I hope, said Mr. *Allworthy*, there is not the least constraint. Why there, cries *Western*, you may bid her unsay all again, if you will.

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Dost not thou repent of thy promise, *Sophy*. Indeed, Papa, said she, I don't repent; nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr. *Jones*. Then, said Mr. *Allworthy*, I felicitate you on this joyful occasion. Mr. *Western* then declared, that they would have a merry night of it; but Mr. *Allworthy* informing him that he was engaged, and could not break his word, the 'squire proposed to go with him, and to take *Sophy*, for he could not part with him, and he observed, that it would be barbarous to part *Tom* and the girl. Mr. *Allworthy* embraced the proposal with pleasure, and *Sophia* consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father to take no notice of the approaching marriage.

When Mr. *Allworthy* and his company arrived, Mrs. *Miller* no sooner saw *Sophia*, than she guessed what had happened; and so great was her friendship to *Jones*, that it added to the transports she felt on the happiness of her own daughter. In this joyful assembly were the father and uncle of young Mr. *Nightingale*, who had also brought with him his bride. The evening was spent with

great chearfulness. Those were most happy, who had been most unhappy before : Their former sufferings and fears giving a double relish to their felicity. But their joy dwelt more in the heart than in the tongue ; and *Jones* and *Sophia* appeared the least merry of the whole company. However, Mr. *Western* was so pleased with the chearfulness and good humour of all around him, that he insisted on their dining with him the next day.

The following morning *Sophia* gave her hand to *Jones*, in the chapel in Doctor's-Commons, where Mr. *Allworthy* Mr. *Western*, and Mrs. *Miller*, were the only persons present. The company all arrived before dinner, and the bride did the honours of the table. In the evening *Sophia* took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies ; and the 'squire sat in to his cups, but was by degrees deserted by all the company, except young *Nightsingale's* uncle, who was engaged at the bottle long after the happy hour which surrendered the lovely *Sophia* to the eager arms of her enraptured *Jones*.

Within two days after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom, attended by Mr.

Allworthy

Allworthy and *Mr. Western*, returned into the country, where the latter resigned his family seat, and the greatest part of his estate to his son-in-law, he himself retiring to a smaller house of his, better situated for hunting. He, however, frequently visited *Mr. Jones*, who, as well as his daughter, has great delight in doing every thing in their power to please him.

Mr. Allworthy was also greatly liberal to *Mr. Jones* on his marriage; and omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. The principles of religion and virtue have been deeply rooted in the mind of *Jones* by his conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous *Sophia*. The tender affection of this happy couple is strengthened by their mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. They are the delight of their relations and friends; and there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who does not bless the day when *Mr. Jones* was married to his *Sophia*.

Mr. Jones has prevailed on his uncle to settle 200l. a year upon *Blifil*, to which he
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has privately added a third. *Mr. Nightingale* has purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of *Mr. Jones*, where the young gentleman, his lady, *Mrs. Miller*, and her other children reside; and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families. As to those of lower rank, *Mr. Jones* has settled 50*l.* a year on *Partridge*, who has again set up a school, in which he meets with better success than formerly; and *Mrs. Waters* having also returned into the country, has a pension of 60*l.* settled upon her, by *Mr. Allworthy*, and is happily married.

